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J O B

AND OTHER SACRED POEMS.





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Yours truly,

Dugald Ferguson

JOB

AND OTHER

SACRED POEMS.

BY

DUGALD FERGUSON,

AUTHOR OF

"Poems of the Heart," "Bush Life," &c.



Dunedin:

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PR

4699

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TO

Mr. Malcolm Carmichael,

AS A MEMENTO OF

A FRIENDSHIP THAT, BEGINNING IN OUR SCHOOL

DAYS, THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTY YEARS

SINCE HAVE FAILED TO IMPAIR I

DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

D.

1547578

PREFACE.



O my private tastes only, without consideration of other results from my labour, this rhymed edition of *Job* has been due, and which in its present form is the outcome of a rigid revision of a former edition. In undertaking this task, my purpose was to preserve, as well as I could, the literal words of the Scripture text. This, by transposition and liberal use of synonymys, I have endeavoured to accomplish so as to make, to the ordinary reader, my work seem as familiar as the Bible version, with the lines appearing to fall accidentally into rhyme. In my rigid adherence to this end, I have, as well as I was able, avoided escaping the difficulties of my task by the easier mode of paraphrasing. The intelligent reader will readily perceive how greatly the difficulties of smooth versification were increased thereby.

At the outset of my task, my design was to make my work reflect the text of the Authorised Version, but, in passages of hopeless obscurity there, I have used the more palpable renderings of the Revised Version and of Davidson's Commentary. On the vexed question of the authorship of *Job*, I would say, in conclusion, of all the widely-divergent con-
jec-

tures I have read respecting its event and date—that in the note prefixed to this Book in the Oxford Bible—appears to me by far the more probable one, to wit,—that Job, who survived these troubles for so many years, himself had put the narrative of them into its poetic form.

THE AUTHOR.



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PRESS NOTICE OF FORMER EDITION OF
"JOB."

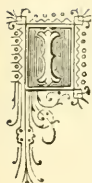
"THE WORK AS A WHOLE SHOWS CONSIDERABLE IN-
GENUITY OF VERSIFICATION, AND WITH A CERTAIN CLASS
OF READERS MAY, PERHAPS, SECURE A NEW INTEREST IN
THE OLD WORLD STORY AND TRIUMPH OF PATIENCE.

—*Literary World.*

“I call that, the Book of Job, aside from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism, or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book; all men’s book. It is our first silent statement of the never ending problem—man’s destiny, and God’s way with him—in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart; so true every way; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual; the horse—‘hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?—he laughs at the shaking of a spear.’ Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow. Sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody, as of the heart of mankind, so soft and great; as the summer midnight as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible, or out of it, of equal literary merit.”—CARLYLE.

JOB.

CHAPTER I.



IN the land of Uz, girt with its sterile robe,
A man aforetime dwelt, whose name was
Job.

The same was upright, seeking only
good,

Who feared the Lord, and wickedness
eschewed.

And, in due time, seven sons were born to him,
While three fair daughters caused his joy to brim.
His substance also greatly was enlarged,
His pastures with seven thousand sheep were
charged ;

Three thousand camels o'er the desert sands
His produce bore, in trade with distant lands ;
Five hundred yoke of oxen to his will,
His wide-spread lands were requisite to till ;
Five hundred more she-asses marked his state,
With these, besides, a household very great :
So that this man, with substance thus increased,
The greatest was of all men in the East.

And all his sons,—each in his sev’ral day,—
Within their houses held carousal gay ;
And bade their sisters with fraternal care,
On those set days, their festive joys to share.
And it was so, when all these feastings were,
That Job rose timeously, with pious care,
And sent his blessing, moved with holy zeal,
And offered up burnt offerings for their weal,
According to the number of them all,
Lest ’mid their mirth they into sin might fall;
“ Or in their hearts may have cursed God,” said he,
And in this way did Job continually.

Now it was so, upon a certain day,
When God’s sons came before His face to pray,
And faith renew, for consecrated aim,
That Satan also there amongst them came.
And God said unto Satan, “ Whence com’st thou ? ”
Who answer made, “ From going to and fro
O’er all the earth’s extent with tireless feet,
And eke from wandering up and down in it.”
Then said the Lord to Satan, “ On the globe
Hast thou contemplated my servant Job,
That there is none so upright there, who still
Doth fear the Lord, and who escheweth ill ? ”
Then answered Satan, with deep malice fraught,
“ And doth Job, therefore, fear the Lord for naught?
Hast thou not hedged him round on every hand,
And multiplied his substance in the land ?
But stretch Thy hand, and touch him in his place,
And Job will straightway curse Thee to Thy face.”
And God said unto Satan, “ From this hour
Behold all that he hath is in thy power :

Him only touch not. This is now my word."
So Satan went out from before the Lord

And after that it fell upon a day
When all his sons and daughters were away
(As in those days their wont was to carouse),
All feasting in the elder brother's house,
There came a messenger to Job, and said,
"The oxen were all ploughing in the mead,
And all the asses feeding by them were,
When the Sabeans fell upon them there,
And took them with them o'er the desert plain,
And all thy servants with the sword have slain ;
Yea, of them all, such havoc on them fell,
I only am escaped the tale to tell."
While he yet spake, another running came,
And said, "From heav'n God's fire, in awful flame,
Hath fallen on thy sheep, and them consumed ;
And all thy servants in one judgment doomed ;
And from the havoc that thus sudden fell,
I only am escaped the tale to tell."

While he yet spake, another also came
To tell fresh woe of burden much the same :
That "the Chaldeans o'er the desert sands
Have made irruption in three sep'rate bands,
And all the camels have swept off anain,
And all thy servants with the sword have slain ;
Yea, of them all, of this mischance that fell,
I only am escaped the tale to tell."

While yet he spake, there came another one,
In like haste as the other three had done,
And said, "Thy sons and daughters did carouse
Together in the elder brother's house ;

When from the desert, lo ! a mighty blast
In awful whirl across the dwelling passed,
And the four corners smote with shock so dread,
That it fell on thy sons, and all are dead ;
And of all those on whom this ruin fell,
I only am escaped the tale to tell."

At these dread tidings the afflicted Job
Straightway arose, and rent in twain his robe ;
Then, in more chastened spirit, shaved his head,
And, worshipful, fell on the ground and said :
" As from my mother's womb I naked came,
So back to dust I will return the same ;
What God but gave is now to Him restored,
Then ever, therefore, be His name adored."
In all this Job sinned not by any word,
Nor yet in foolish anger charged the Lord.



CHAPTER II.



GAIN a day was, when, before the Lord
The Sons of God convened to hear His
word.

And their own zeal renew with vows and
pray'r ;

And Satan also came among them there.

And God said unto Satan, " Whence
com'st thou ? "

Who answer made, " From going to and fro
O'er all the earth's extent with tireless feet,

And eke, from wandering up and down in it.”
Then said the Lord to Satan, “ On the globe
Hast thou contemplated My servant Job,
That there is none so upright there, who still
Doth fear the Lord and who escheweth ill,
And still his probity holds without pause,
Though thou moved’st Me to slay him without
cause ? ”

Then answered Satan, still with envy rife,
“ Yea, save his skin—man will give all for life ;
But on Job’s bone and flesh a finger place,
And he will straightway curse Thee to Thy face.”
Then said the Lord, “ Lo ! he is in thine hand ;
For his life’s safety I but give command.”
So Satan went out, and Job’s body whole
Smote with sore boils from his crown to his sole,
Till he a potsherd scraped himself withal,
And in the ashes sat in speechless gall.
Then said his wife, made frantic at such ill,
“ Dost thou thy probity adhere to still ?
On what hope further hast thou to rely
In thy strait now ? Curse rather God and die.”
Then Job replied, “ Thou speakest now, I wot,
As is a foolish woman’s manner. What !
Shall we receive good at the hand of God
And shall not evil, too, in any mode
O’er us shed banefully its dark eclipse ? ”
In all this Job sinned nowise with his lips.

Now when Job’s friends heard of his evil case,
Then forthwith—everyone from his own place—
Came all the three : Eliphaz the Temanite,
Of precepts sage, well skilled to speak aright ;

And the wise Shuhite, too, Bildad surnamed ;
 And Zophar, the Naamathite, as justly famed.
 These, by appointment, came to mourn with him
 Whose cup with wrath thus suddenly did brim.
 And when on him they from a distance gazed
 And knew him not, their voices they upraised,
 And sorely wept, while each his mantle rent,
 And sprinkled dust on his head lowly bent.
 So they sat down with him upon the ground,
 While days and nights went in one weekly round ;
 Nor in that time spake once about his state,
 For they saw that his grief was very great.



CHAPTER III.



WHEN after this (*his grief till that time stayed*),

Job ope'd his mouth, and cursed his day, and said :

“ Let the day perish and the night be lorn

In which 'twas said a man-child has been born.

May it to-night, God from above, consign,
 And let no light again upon it shine ;
 Let darkness and death's shades it ever stain,
 And horror's blackness over it remain.
 As for that night, may it thick darkness bind,
 And to the year let it no more be joined.

Lo ! let that night be by itself alone ;
And let therein be heard no joyful tone.
And let them curse it, who the day do ban,
Who wont are to rouse up leviathan.
Its twilight stars let darkness hide ; and may
It look in vain for light and dawning day :
Because it closed not up my mother's womb,
Nor kept me from these days of woe and gloom.
Why died I not when from the womb I came ?
And gave not up the ghost that hour selfsame ?
Why did the knees prevent me from a fall ?
Or the two breasts e'er suckle me at all ?
For now no pangs would my repose molest ;
I should have slept, then had I been at rest
With kings and counsellors, who for their state
Reared Pyramids in places desolate ;
Or with famed princes, who in riches rolled,
And whose state and equipments shone with gold ;
Or as a timeless birth, I had not been,
As infants who the light have never seen.
For there the wicked from their troubling cease,
And there the weary all repose in peace.
The prisoners there together calmly rest :
They hear no more the oppressor's stern behest.
The great and small are there, the bond and free,
All laid alike, whatever their degree.
Why is light given to him whom ills o'erflow ?
And life to him whose soul is steeped in woe ?
Which long for death, but it will not draw nigh,
And for it more than for hid treasures pry,
Which joy exceedingly, with lightened mind,
When for their pangs the grave's sure rest they find.
Why is light given to him whose way's unseen,

And whom God hath environed wholly in ?
My sighing cometh ere I eat my food,
And my loud roarings pour out like a flood.
For it has come, the thing I greatly feared,
And what I dreaded has to me appeared.
I was not sitting heedlessly at rest,
Yet trouble came, and anguish filled my breast."

REFLECTIONS.

At length, in wild tumultuous overflow,
The slowly rising tide of utter woe
Burst the heart's flood-gates that had kept it pent,
And found in bitter utterances vent.
For, rousing from the stupor of the blow,
Whose crushing violence had laid him low ;
And his view rendered painfully more just,
With his week's silence, sitting in the dust,
Of his position's utter wretchedness,
That not the faintest hope showed of redress ;
And soft'ning with the feeling comfort lends
From those he deemed his sympathising friends,
His wonted magnanimity gave way,
And, in despair, Job wholly cursed his day.



CHAPTER IV.



HEN Eliphaz the Temanite rejoined :

“ If we with thee would dare unfold
our mind,

Would thou be grieved at us as being
told ?

Yet who himself can at thy words
withhold ?

Lo ! thou hast many taught in wise commands,
And with thy counsels strengthened the weak hands,
Thy words unto the doubtful gave new ease,
And strength imparted to the feeble knees.
But now it comes on thee, and thou dost swoon ;
It toucheth thee, and thou art troubled soon.
Is not this now thine awe and spirit's stay,
Thy boasted hope, and probity of way ?
Remember well, I pray thee, who it was
That perished, being innocent of cause.
Or where it was—in *sudden punishment*—
A Judgment had cut off the Innocent.
E'en as I've seen, they that plough sin and shame,
And sow iniquity, still reap the same ;
God in his anger makes them to decay,
And by his nostrils' breath they waste away.
The roaring lion into fury lashed,
With the young lions' teeth by him are smashed.
The fierce old lion dies for lack of prey,
And the strong lion's whelps are chased away.
To me in secret now a thing was brought,

And of its sum mine ear a little caught,
In thoughts derived from nightly visions, when
Profoundest slumber falleth upon men.
Fear in my soul did such commotion make,
That all my bones at once began to quake ;
A spirit then before my vision passed,
The hair o'er all my head stood up aghast.
It stood still, though its form I could not mark,
Before my eyes, but loomed an image dark.
An awful silence fell, and straightway there,
I heard a voice these solemn words declare :
' Shall mortal man be more just than his God ?
Or, more pure than his Maker, be a clod ? '
Yea, in His servants He doth not delight,
And doth with folly charge His angels bright.
Lo ! He no trust doth put in such as they,
Much less in them whose dwellings are of clay,
All whose foundations in the dust are laid,
And that before the moth are soon decayed ;
From morning unto eve they are consumed,
Without one heeding their condition doomed.
Doth not their greatness in them go away ?
They, without wisdom, even thus decay.



CHAPTER V.

“ ALL now, if any will reply to thee,
Unto which saint wilt thou address
thy plea?
For wrath the foolish man hath oft
destroyed,
And envy, him of understanding void.
I've seen the foolish taking root at
first,

Then suddenly his habitation cursed.
His children never in secureness rest,
And in the gate are by the strong oppressed:
Neither have they, when sore oppressed, a friend
Who, in their straits severe, would them defend.
Whose grain the hungry from their infields bear,
And for their substance gapeth every snare.
For in the ground affliction hath not birth,
Nor yet doth sorrow spring up from the earth;
And as the sparks fly upward, man forlorn,
Seems by like law to endless trouble born.
But I to God would seek for quick relief,
To Him alone would I commit my grief.
Which doeth great things, and unsearchable,
Things numberless, that men with marvel fill;
Who the dry earth replenisheth with rain,
And plenteous water sends upon the plain;
To set up those who poverty sustain,
That they who mourn may be set up again.
The projects of the crafty he doth foil,

So that their hands fail of their purposed toil ;
The wise in their own craftiness he takes,
Their schemes to be discomfited he makes.
They in thick darkness in the daytime mope,
And in mid-noon, as in the night time, grope.
But He the poor saves from the mighty's sword,
And screens them from their tongue's devouring
word ;

Therefore the poor doth still in hope repose,
And wickedness its raging mouth doth close.
Lo ! he is blessed who is reformed by God ;
Then slight not thou th' Almighty's chastening rod,
For He makes sore, and bindeth up again ;
He woundeth, and His hands assuage the pain.
He in six troubles shall let thee go free,
Yea, ev'n in sev'n no ill shall meddle thee.
In famine He shall thee redeem from death,
Nor let the sword in battle do thee skaith.
Thou shalt be hid when the tongue's scourge will
fall,

Nor thee shall ruin when it comes appal.
And thou shalt laugh at ruin and at dearth,
Nor be in fear of the beasts of the earth.
The stones no more shall thee with toil fatigue,
And with the wild beasts thou shalt be in league ;
And thou thy dwelling's safety shall behold,
And shalt find nothing 'minished from thy fold.
Thou too shalt know that thy seed shall be great,
And, as the grass, shall multiply thy state ;
In thy full age thou shalt come to the tomb,
Like as a shock of corn in ripened bloom.
Lo ! this we have it searched, and so it stood,
Hear it and know it, then, for thine own good."

REFLECTIONS.

Thus plausibly, with smooth words, seeming framed
To comfort Job, whom yet in heart he blamed,
Did Eliphaz, in judgment, harsh begin
To lay Job's woe to the account of sin ;
And Job, denouncing for imagined crime,
Rose in his theme's discourse to flights sublime.
Thus in some noble superstructure raised
Upon a groundwork insecurely based,
Where art's device would fain adjust the flaw
Marked in the plummet's violated law—
Yet only serves, with all its smooth veneer,
To make that flaw more splendidly appear.
So the same rule in rhetoric obtains,
Howe'er maintained with conscientious pains,
And with right words, though fortified indeed
With all the truths of orthodoxy creed,
That with the passing beauty of its style
May charm the captivated ear awhile :
Yet still do all these, lacking righteous cause,
But make more patent its plea's specious flaws.
The like marks Eliphaz's speech at large,
Although 'gainst secret sin such scathing charge,
That Job's quick conscience surely must have
pricked
Had there been cause for its fierce interdict ;
But, lacking that, the words designed to teach,
Job's righteous conscience failed once to impeach.



CHAPTER VI.



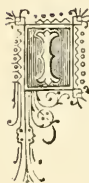
UT Job (*when ended all his stern tirade*
The zealous Eliphaz) replied, and said :
“ Oh ! that my anguish were completely
weighed,
And my woe in the scales together laid ;
For 'twould be heavier than the ocean
sand,
So that my words I cannot now command.
The Almighty's arrows to my vitals pierce,
And my soul parcheth with their poison fierce.
God's terrors 'gainst me do themselves array,
Doth the wild ass when he hath pasture bray ?
Or doth the ox low ever o'er his hay ?
Can what is tasteless without salt be used ?
Or what taste in an egg's white is infused ?
The things my soul before refused to eat
Are now become my lamentable meat.
Oh, that I might now my petition have,
And God would grant the thing I greatly crave !
E'en that it would please God me to destroy ;
That He would loose His hand, and let me die.
Then should I, notwithstanding, have relief ;
Yea, I myself would harden in my grief.
Let Him not spare, for I've dissembled none,
Nor the words hidden of the Holy One.
What is my strength that I should calmly wait ?
Or yet mine end, to be in passive state ?
Or is the texture of my flesh like stones ?

Or is as brass the substance of my bones ?
Are not from me all my resources gone,
And my recovery's prospects from me flown ?
Should one not pity him, whom troubles goad
In fierce rebellion to abandon God ?
My brethren, as a brook, have meanly dealt,
And, as the stream of rivulets, they melt :
Which blackish are when they become congealed,
And wherein then the snow flood is concealed ;
What time they warm, they in the heat thereof
Do waste away, and from their place remove ;
Aside are turned the goings of their way,
And they all go to nothing and decay.
There Tema's companies explored with care ;
The troops of Sheba waited for them there.
They were confounded at their hopes undone,
They were amazed that they had thither gone.
Ye, like thereto, are now as nothing made ;
Ye see my casting down, and are afraid.
Did I require of you a gift to bring ?
Or of your substance ask for any thing ?
Or from the foeman's power set me free ?
Or from the mighty's hand deliver me ?
Admonish me, and I will hold my tongue,
And let me know wherein I have done wrong.
How forcible are proper words of course !
But what doth all your arguing enforce ?
Do ye conceive with mere talk fault to find ?
Or words of one made mad, which are as wind ?
Yea, ye the orphans in their cause o'erbear,
And for your own associate lay a snare.
Therefore, be pleased to look on me *with grace*,
I surely will not lie unto your face !

Return, I pray, let there be naught amiss ;
Return, I say, my cause is just in this.
Is there iniquity within my tongue ?
Can not my taste discern things that are wrong ?



CHAPTER VII.



Not on earth a warfare set to man ?
And, as a hireling's, is not all his span ?
As a slave keenly doth the shade desire,
And as a hireling looketh for his hire—
So useless months am I made to possess,
And set to me are nights of weariness.
When I lie down, I pine till night is gone,
And I am full of tossings unto dawn.
Worms and corruption issue from my pores,
My skin is loathsome made with running sores ;
Like the swift shuttle in the weaver's loom,
My hopeless days fly onward to the tomb.
O pray remember that my life is wind,
Mine eye therein no further good shall find !
The eyes which saw, me soon no more shall see ;
Thine shall look for me, but I shall not be.
As from the view the cloud doth slowly fade,
None shall return who in the grave are laid,
He shall not frequent his house as of yore,
Neither shall his place know him any more.
Therefore my mouth I will not more refrain,
I will speak in my spirit's anguished pain,
And in the gall of my soul will complain.

Am I a sea, or monster of the sea,
That Thou a watch thus settest over me ?
Whene'er I say my bed shall me content,
My couch assuage the force of my complaint ;
With horrid visions Thou dost fill my head,
And with wild phantoms mak'st me quake with
dread,

So that my soul its choice of strangling owns,
And rather death, than all these aching bones.
I loathe it all, I would not live always ;
Let me alone, for vain are all my days.
Say, what is man that Thou should'st him esteem ?
And that Thou shouldest set Thine heart on him,
That Thou should'st for him ev'ry morn make quest,
And ev'ry moment put him to the test ?
Wilt Thou not leave me for such space alone,
While e'en my spittle I may swallow down ?
If I have sinned, what do I to Thee then,
O Thou, that art the watcher of all men ?
Why hast Thou me Thy mark made in this mode,
So that I now am to myself a load ?
And wherefore dost Thou not heed my request,
And pardon that wherein I have transgressed ?
For I will soon sleep in the dust, and me,
Though Thou seek on the morn, Thou shall not see."

REFLECTIONS.

Thus Job to Eliphaz, with spirit high,
In his defence, made eloquent reply,
And in a strain exalted as his own,
To his late friend's accusatory tone,
Showed he had cause sufficient to complain,
In all his parts, diseased and racked with pain,

With shooting pangs incisive as a knife,
 Till death itself were to be wished than life ;
 And, stung by his uncharitable speech,
 Did in return his censor straight impeach
 With all his righteous loftiness of tone,
 Not of unkindness to his friend alone.
 But of such rigour with the orphaned poor,
 Though haply just, so cautiously sure,
 As unto Job's munificence of deed
 Appeared to savour of sheer sordid greed ;
 Who, therefore, firing in impatient scorn
 Of every act of seeming meanness born,
 Retorted thus on him, who swift to preach
 Of virtue, yet for virtue's patent breach,
 'Gainst which, while he so righteously declaimed,
 Had much more cause himself to feel ashamed.



CHAPTER VIII.



HEN answered Bildad the Shuhite, an
 said :

“ How long with these things wilt thou
 thus upbraid ?

And how long wilt thou make thy words
 appear

Like the sound of a strong wind in the ear ?
 Doth God e'er judgment from its purpose wrest ?
 Or doth th' Almighty equity molest ?
 For if thy children would not Him obey,
 And for their sin He hath cast them away ;

If thou would'st seek to God with timely care,
And to th' Almighty make thy humble pray'r ;
If thou were pure, He'd surely for thee wake,
And the home of thy goodness prosp'rous make.
Though with thee first thine incomings were few,
Thy latter end yet greatly should accrue.
For ask, I pray thee, of the former age,
And fit thyself to search their father's sage.
(We're but of yesterday, of knowledge dearth,
For, like a shade, our days are on the earth).
Shall they not knowledge unto thee impart,
And utter words to thee out of their heart ?
Without the mire, how can the bulrush shoot ?
Or without water, can the flag take root ?
While in its greenness yet, and not cut down,
Before all other herbs it wilteth brown.
So are the paths of all that God deny,
And the hope of the hypocrite shall die ;
Whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust stayed,
Shall be a spider's web, as *baseless made*.
He'll lean upon his house, 'twill fall away ;
He'll hold it fast, yet still it will not stay.
His stem is green before the orb of day,
And in his garden his branch blossoms gay.
His folded roots about the heap are spread,
Till sinking down they find the rocky bed.
Yet, if the Lord destroy him from his place,
'Twill then deny that e'er it saw his face.
Lo ! this the joy is that his way will bring,
And from the earth will others quickly spring.
Lo ! God will not a perfect man forsake,
Nor yet th' ungodly by the hand will take,
Until with laughter He thy mouth will store,

And make rejoicing from thy lips to pour.
 They that abhor thee but disgrace will gain,
 And come to naught the homes of the profane."

REFLECTIONS.

Here strongly marked in the Shulite's discourse—
 Though reasoned out with elegance and force—
 (And who in all points of God's judgment sure,
 But saw th' account in sinners' ways impure),
 We see how precepts excellent in sum,
 When wrong applied but platitudes become.
 Thus Bildad straitly general truths applied
 To Job, which Job on his part ne'er denied.
 So these in aim to counsel and exhort
 'Gainst secret sins fell capitally short,
 Job to confound, or weaken his defence
 Of his cause, strong in conscious innocence.



CHAPTER IX.



WHEN Job replied : " I know it is so quite,
 For how should man before the Lord be
 right ?

If he in righteousness with him should
 vie,

One of a thousand he cannot reply.

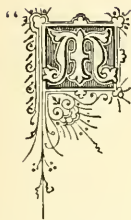
Wise and puissant He, what man to strive
 Hath nerved himself against Him and did thrive ?
 Which shifts the lofty mountains in His wrath,
 And them in fury strews along their path ;

Which shakes the universe out of its place,
And makes its pillars tremble at its base ;
Which the sun ord'reth, and it doth not rise,
And sealet up the stars within the skies ;
Which by Himself the heavens doth outspread,
And doth upon the ocean's billows tread ;
Which Orion, Pleiades, and Acturus made,
And all the chambers of the south arrayed ;
Which doeth things great and inscrutable,
Yea, untold actions inconceivable.
I see Him not, yet lo ! He goeth by,
Nor yet perceive Him, though He passeth nigh.
Behold, He takes, who can turn Him away ?
Or, what dost thou, who durst unto Him say ?
Th' Almighty will not turn His wrath aside ;
Beneath Him stoop th' accomplices of pride.
Then how much less will I to Him reply,
And choose out words with Him to reason why ?
To whom though righteous I would not do so,
But to my judge in supplication bow.
If I had called and He returned me word,
E'en then I would not think my voice He'd heard.
For me He breaketh with a hurricane,
And multiplieth all my wounds in vain.
He will not let me breathe without distress,
But filleth me with gall of bitterness.
If I would speak of strength, lo ! strong is He ;
And, if of doom, who'll set time for my plea ?
If I approved myself, my mouth would blame,
And prove me wrong did I perfection claim.
Yea, were I so my soul I would not prize,
And my existence I would still despise.
One thing appears, therefore, I say 'twas so,

He doth the perfect with the vile o'erthrow.
If the affliction swiftly doth destroy,
He'll at the trial of the guiltless joy.
The earth is given into the wicked's hands,
And the eyes of the judges of its lands
He blindeth, *that they may not truth decree* ;
If it be not so, where, and who is He ?
Now quicker than a post my days all flit,
They flee away, they see no benefit ;
As the swift ships, so they are passed away,
And as the eagle hasteneth to the prey.
If I say I will my complaint forego,
Forsake my languor, and assuage my woe,
I stand in fear of all my sorrows told,
I know that guiltless me Thou wilt not hold.
If I be vile for *what cause is the pain*,
And all the toil that I endure in vain ?
If I should wash with water of the snow,
And ne'er so clean should make my hands to glow,
Into the ditch Thou straightway me wilt pour,
Until my clothes shall even me abhor ;
For He is not a being such as I,
That I in judgment should to Him reply ;
Nor is there any Daysman who could weigh,
'Twixt us, and who on both His hand would lay.
Let Him from me His heavy rod withdraw,
And let Him not affright me with His awe,
Then I would speak, and not before Him fear,
But 'tis not so with me thus to appear.



CHAPTER X.



Y soul is sick of life, I'll not forego
Thoughts of my grief, but answer in
my woe.

I'll say to God to censure me forbear,
Why Thou contendest with me thus,
declare ?

Is't good to Thee that Thou should'st tyrannise,
That Thou the work should'st of Thine hands
despise,

And shine upon the evil-doers' plan ?

Or hast Thou eyes of flesh to see as man ?

Are Thy days as the days of man's career ?

Or as a man's days do Thy years appear

That Thou inquirest thus about my crime,

And searchest out my sin of former time ?

Thou knowest well that I am not profane,

And from Thy hand none can deliv'rance gain.

Thine hands took pains to mould and fashion me,

But my destruction now, thou dost decree.

Think, that as clay, Thou formed me, I implore,

And wilt Thou bring me into dust once more ?

Like milk, hast Thou not poured me out in pain ?

And like to cheese, hast curdled me again ?

My being Thou hast clothed with flesh and skin,

And hast with bones and sinews fenced me in.

Thou life and favour hast on me conferred,

Thy visitation hath my spirit spared.

Though these things Thou hast hidden in Thy heart.

I know withal that this is as 'Thou art.
If I transgress, then 'Thou observest me,
And from my sin 'Thou wilt not set me free.
If I am sinful, woe's me for my fault,
And I, if just, must not my head exalt.
Mute with the shame and anguish of my cup,
And, if my head I venture to lift up,
Thou huntest me, like the ferocious pard,
And me again 'Thou strangely dost regard.
Thou dost renew thy plagues and anger's weight,
Changes and conflicts 'gainst me militate.
Why hast 'Thou brought me forth out of the womb?
Oh! that I'd died unseen ere I had come!
I should have been, as though not from the womb;
I should have then been carried to the tomb.
Are not my days now few to come? then cease,
And let me be, that I may have some peace,
Ere I will go, whence I will come no more,
To the dark valley by death shadowed o'er:
A land of darkness, like pitch gloom as 'twere,
And of death's shadow ever hov'ring there;
Of order void, and which no beams illume,
But where the light is as the nether gloom."

REFLECTIONS.

With what strong force, although so greatly tried,
We see how Job here for himself replied;
While he, with rev'rence, readily endorsed
What Bildad's zeal so strenuously enforced—
Man's feebleness and God's omnipotence;—
Of which Job further showed his awful sense,
In thoughts expressive of God's sovereign might,
That daze the mind with their exalted flight;

Yet in his own just conscience rooted strong—
Sincerely right, though doctrinally wrong—
He, ignorant of truth not then revealed,
That God's rebukes are often love concealed ;
For all his strange disasters found no cause,
Save in the course of God's impassive laws ;
Who high above all sense of human ill,
Scourged all alike at His own sov'reign will.
Thus in his goaded utter desperateness,
At ills that showed no prospect of redress ;
And by his friends' self-righteous censures egged,
He of the Almighty pitifully begged
That He would further dealing with him cease,
And let him his few days enjoy in peace.



CHAPTER XI.



OPHAR the Naamathite then answer
made—

*With whom Job's plea as nothing seeming
weighed :*

“ Should not thy crowd of words be to
replied ?

And should a man of talk be justified ?
Should men their peace hold at thy falsehoods rash ?
And when thou mock'st should no one thee abash ?
For thou hast said, ‘ My principle is clean,
And in thine eyes mine innocence is seen.’
But, oh ! that God would now His mind express,

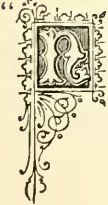
And His lips open 'gainst thy forwardness ;
And wisdom's secrets make plain to thy mind,
That they are twofold to what were divined !
Know then that God exacteth less of thee
Than is the meed of thine iniquity.
Canst thou by searching find Jehovah's place ?
Or the Almighty to perfection trace ?
'Tis as the heav'n in height, what canst thou do ?
More deep than hell, what know'st thou in its view ?
Than the earth's length in measure it is more,
And broader than the sea from shore to shore.
If He to change, or shut up, moves His hand,
Or bring together, who can Him withstand ?
For vain men's sins are to His eyes laid bare ;
Will He not then the matter weigh with care ?
For to be wise is vain men's cherished goal,
Though man is born like a wild ass's foal.
If thou prepare thine heart with solemn care,
And towards Him stretch out thine hands in pray'r ?
If sin be in thy hand put it away,
And let not vice within thy dwelling stay ;
Then thou thy face shall lift up without spot,
Yea, thou shalt steadfast be, and tremble not ;
For then thou shalt forget thy wretched tide,
And think of it as waters that subside :
Age clearer than the noonday shall be thine,
And, as the morning's light, thou forth shall shine.
Thou shalt be safe because thy hope is blessed,
Yea, dig around thee and securely rest.
Thou shalt lie down, and none shall thee confute,
Yea, unto thee shall many make their suit ;
But from th' ungodly shall fall short the light,
And as a puff of breath their hope in flight."

REFLECTIONS.

Now, soothing tones laid utterly aside,
The Naamathite with violent zeal replied ;
And Job's defence, so right in his own eyes,
Sternly condemned as one of utter lies ;
To whom Job's daring challenge in such wise,
God's mode with him to freely criticise,
In his extremity of anguish driven,
Seemed nothing short of blasphemy 'gainst heav'n.
And, with the hope that God would still exceed,
The pains, he deemed fell far short of his meed ;
Job's confidence the more to leave undone,
He then piled Ossa upon Pelion,
In metaphors of swift successive flight,
All typical of God's unbounded might.
Then straitly urged upon him to forego
The sins he deemed occasioned all his woe,
As the sure means that, brilliant as the morn,
Would all his days with peace secure adorn ;
And showed, in contrast, their sad lots who cope,
Buoyed by the phantom of the sinner's hope.



CHAPTER XII.

“  O doubt ye are the men,” Job made reply,
“ And wisdom with you certainly shall
die.
But I have sense, like you, and just as
good,
By whom are not all those things under-
stood ?

I am as one who worships God, forlorn :
The just and righteous man is laughed to scorn.
Whose steps slide, as a lamp despised is banned
In thought by him who doth securely stand.
Their homes do thrive who break the Lord's com-
mands,

And God abundance bringeth to their hands.
But ask the beasts, and they shall teach thee now,
And in the air the fowls shall tell thee how ;
Or, ask the earth, and it shall make thee know,
And in the sea the fishes, too, shall show.
In all these things, who is't that knoweth not
That the hand of the Lord the whole hath wrought ?
In whose hand is the breath of all mankind,
And souls of all things living there confined ?
Doth not the ear examine words' intent ?
And doth the mouth not taste its nourishment ?
With great in years is wisdom ever found,
And reason is with length of days profound ?
With God is wisdom and puissance seen,
With Him is counsel and perfection keen.
Lo ! He breaks down, none can rebuild again ;
He shuts up man, who seeks egress in vain.
Lo ! He withholds the streams, they cease to go ;
He sends them forth, and they the earth o'erflow.
With Him is wisdom, strength, too, with Him is,
The hypocrite and the deceived are His.
He men of counsel spoiled doth lead away,
And maketh simpletons the judges grey ;
He captive monarchs looseth from their chains,
And with a girdle bindeth up their reins ;
He captive leadeth princes off despoiled,
And by His hand the men of might are foiled ;

.

He from the lip the faithful speech doth cull,
And wisdom of the aged doth annul ;
He upon princes makes contempt to pour,
And the strength of the mighty weakens sore ;
He deep things out of gloom discovereth,
And bringeth out to light the shade of death ;
He augments nations, and them wasteth then,
Leads them away, and brings them back again ;
He from earth's proudest people takes the hearts,
And makes them wildered roam in desert parts ;
He like a drunken man makes them to reel,
They without light their way in darkness feel.



CHAPTER XIII.



BEHOLD, mine eye hath all this matter
viewed ;

Mine ear hath heard, and it well under-
stood.

What things ye know, the same I also
do ;

I am no whit inferior to you.

To the Almighty surely I would speak.

And I from God desire a cause to seek.

But, ye of lies, are fabricators all,

Physicians ye of no repute at all !

O that your words ye wholly would forego !

And it should be shown as your wisdom so.

And now let ye my controversy hear,

And to the pleadings of my lips give ear.
Will ye dare to speak wickedly for God ?
And talk for Him in a deceitful mode ?
Will ye the character of God assume ?
Will ye His cause contend for in His room ?
Is it not right that He should search your ways ?
Or as with man durst ye Him to dispraise ?
He will undoubtedly you reprehend,
If ye to persons secretly unbend.
Shall not His excellency you appal,
And on you shall not His great terror fall ?
Your sayings will be looked upon as trash,
And your defences but as heaps of ash.
Be silent then before me, let me be,
That I may speak, let what will come on me.
Wherefore do I my flesh in my teeth take ?
And in my hands do my existence stake ?
Yet, though He slay me, I'll on Him rely,
But mine own ways before Him justify.
And, also, He shall my salvation be,
Because no hypocrite His face shall see.
My speech now, therefore, diligently hear,
And to my declaration lend an ear.
Behold, now, I have ordered up my plea ;
I am assured I justified shall be.
O who is he that will sustain my cause ?
For I must give the ghost up if I pause.
Only do not Thou two things unto me,
Then will I not conceal myself from Thee.
Thine hand do Thou far from me now withdraw,
Let not Thy terror make me suffer awe.
Then summon Thou and I will answer Thee,
Or let me speak and do Thou answer me.

How many are my sins and errors show,
My wickedness and sin make me to know.
Why hidest Thou Thy features from me now ?
And wherefore me a Satan holdest Thou ?
Wilt Thou a leaf break, driven to and fro,
And in chase of dry stubble wilt Thou go ?
For Thou against me bitter things dost write,
And dost me for my sins of youth requite.
My feet Thou also in the stocks dost lock,
And of the ways that I pursue tak'st stock.
Thou mark'st my heels, and as a thing decayed,
Or a moth-eaten garment, he doth fade.



CHAPTER XIV.



AN who of woman is in travail born,
Is few of days, and fore-ordained to
mourn ;
Blooms like a flow'r, as transient in
decay ;
He like a shadow flees, and doth not
stay.

And dost Thou such a one submit to see ?
And into judgment bringest me with Thee ?
Who from a thing unclean would e'er conceive
To take that to which nothing vile would cleave ?
Seeing his days determined are with Thee ;
His utmost confines fixed by Thy decree.
Turn Thou from him that he at rest may lay ;

Till as a hireling he fulfils his day.
For of a fallen tree is hope of fruit,
And that its branch will still with blossoms shoot ;
Though in the earth the root thereof wax old,
And though its stock should perish in the mould,
Yet through the scent of water it will spring,
And forth new branches like a plant will bring.
But man expireth, and wears gradually ;
Yea, giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?
As from the sea the brimming floods subside,
And the decaying waters up are dried ;
So man lies down, and till the heav'ns be o'er,
He shall be raised or wake from sleep no more.
O that Thou would'st me in the grave conceal !
That Thou would'st keep me secret there until
Thy wrath be past ; that Thou would'st me decree
A formal period, and remember me !
For if man dies, will he rise from the tomb ?
I'll all my set time wait till my change come.
Thou me wilt call and I will answer make,
To Thine hands' work, Thou wilt a liking take.
But now my steps Thou dost enumerate,
Thou dost in watch o'er my transgressions wait.
Within a bag is sealed my wickedness,
Thou sewest up what sins my lips express.
For sure the falling mount to nothing fades,
And the rock moved out of its place abrades.
The waters wear the stones, its floods o'erflow
The earth, and Thou man's prospects layest low.
Thou him still masterest, and he doth decay ;
His face doth change. Thou sendest him away.
His sons to honors rise, he heeds not aught ;
They are brought low, but this he wotteth not,

But his flesh on him hath pain in that bourn,
And his soul in him doth in Sheol mourn”

REFLECTIONS.

Observe, to zealous Zophar's strictures high,
The cutting irony of Job's reply ;
Who at the outset, in this mode betrayed
His sense of all the other's stern tirade ;
Then in transition quick from this fine vein
Of sarcasm, to opener disdain.
Boldly impugned the grounds of his pretence,
For such presumptive and exclusive sense ;
The which, nathless its high assertive tone,
Job deemed in naught superior to his own.
Then to apprise his friend, how very slight
He deemed his statements of God's sov'reign might,
With which he, Job, would silence and appal—
As trivial knowledge commonplace to all.
Job instanced also further incidents,
In passing grandeur of detailed events,
All typical of God's omnipotence,
That well might prove that no abortive sense
Of what was due to God's transcendent might,
Emboldened Job against Him thus to fight.
Then while his friends he bitterly reproved,
For forward zeal, he deemed them small behooved—
Though sore disturbed with God's strange dealings,
he
Unmoved in his integrity of plea,
And in his soul unconscious of a crime—
Discovers here a constancy sublime,
When he affirmed with faith, no ills could dim
“ Though God would slay, he still would trust in
Him.”

Thus to the charges in his friend's reply,
Such pointed reasons having rendered why,
Job then resumed his sad absorbing theme,
And asked why God thus so afflicted him ;
And that He would from man His hand refrain,
Whose days were few, and those few spent in pain ;
And who unlike a plant of annual bloom
Could not revive when once laid in the tomb.



CHAPTER XV.



HEN answered Eliphaz the Temanite,
And said—*now speaking as he thought out-
right*—

“ Should a wise person show a vacant
mind ?

Or fill his belly with the empty wind ?
Should he debate with frivolous discourse ?
Or words, with which he can no good enforce ?
Yea, from thee thou dost cast off all respect,
And pray’r before the Lord thou dost neglect.
For thy mouth thine iniquity lets loose,
And of the crafty thou the tongue dost choose.
Thine own mouth thee condemneth, and not I :
Yea thine own lips against thee testify.
Art thou the first man that was born on earth ?
Or wast thou made before the hills came forth ?
Didst thou the secret of the Lord obtain ?
And dost thou wisdom to thyself restrain ?

What knowledge hast thou that we do not know ?
What understanding that we cannot show ?
For here with us are men of counsel sage,
And than thy father of much greater age.
Are then with thee God's consolations small ?
Is there with thee a secret thing at all ?
Why doth thy spirit carry thee away ?
Why do thine eyes such violence betray ?
That thou thy spirit turnest against God,
And from thy mouth let'st such words go abroad ?
But what is man that he should still be clean ?
Or woman's son that he should have no sin ?
Lo ! on his saints He doth not even lean ;
Yea in His sight the heavens are not clean.
Much more is man vile and detestable,
Who sin like water drinketh up at will.
I will demonstrate to thee, give thou ear ;
And that which I have seen will I declare ;
Which prudent men—what erst their sires revealed—
Have narrated, and it have not concealed ;
To whom alone the earth did them belong,
What time no stranger sojourned them among.
The wicked man spends all his days in fear,
Even all the days prescribed for his career.
Sounds in his ears his spirit will appal ;
In prosp'rous times will ruin on him fall.
He deems not he shall turn back from the gloom,
And that for him the sword awaits in doom.
For bread he asketh, roaming through the land ;
He knows the day of gloom is nigh at hand.
Trouble and anguish shall make him afraid ;
They shall prevail, like kings for war arrayed.
For he against the Lord stretched out his hand,

And 'gainst th' Almighty he himself did band.
He ran upon him with his neck stiff held,
Even with the thick bosses of his shield.
Because with fatness he his face o'erlaid,
And collops of fat upon his flanks he made.
And in forsaken towns his house he keeps,
Where no man dwells, then nigh to ruined heaps.
He shall not thrive, nor shall his wealth extend,
Nor to the earth shall his rich produce bend.
He darkness shall not leave ; his boughs the fire
Shall dry, and with his breath shall he expire.
And let him not by vainness be ensnared,
For vanity shall be his sole reward.
Before his time, he from this earthly scene
Shall be cut off ere yet his branch be green.
He, as the vine, his unripe grape shall cast,
And as the olive's flow'rs shook by the blast.
For hypocrites' assemblies shall be void,
And tents of bribery by fire destroyed.
They conceive treach'ry, and to sin give birth,
And from their bellies artifice bring forth."

REFLECTIONS.

The Temanite, thus speaking in his turn,
With zeal that at Job's words appear to burn,
At once attacked, when Job came to a pause,
His bitter vindication of his cause ;
While his persistence in his righteous plea,
He—Eliphaz—deemed simple blasphemy ;
And the worst motives for Job's seeming stay,
Feared not directly to his charge to lay ;
And Job's late comments on his wisdom passed,
Now on his own as slightly he cast.

Though some things excellent in sum, he said,
Touching man's nature, stained by sin inbred ;
As to be pure made wholly vain to ween
With God, to whom the heav'ns were scarcely clean ;
Yet which applied to Job, prejudged by him
Of flagrant sins, seemed hard in the extreme ;
That in Job's mind, by no accusing thorn
Disquieted, but roused to righteous scorn.



CHAPTER XVI.



O Eliphaz's charges 'gainst him laid,
Then Job again unto him answer made :
“ Many such things I've heard in verity,
All miserable comforters are ye.
Shall words of wind a termination reach ?
Or what emboldens thee to prolong speech ?

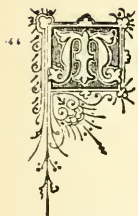
I, too, could speak so, were ye in my stead,
And heap up words, and at you shake my head.
But with my mouth I would give you relief,
And my lips' motion should assuage your grief.
Although I speak, my grief is not appeased ;
And though I cease, what am I thereby eased ?
But He hath made me weary with my fate ;
Thou hast made all my circle desolate.
And Thou with wrinkles hast filled all my face ;
That bear sad witness to my lack of grace.
He that me hates, in anger me doth lash ;
My foe upon me with His teeth doth gnash.

His eyes upon me He hath keenly shaped ;
They all upon me with their mouths have gaped.
They've scorfully me smitten on the face ;
And have combined to bring me to disgrace.
God me hath giv'n to the ungodly's power,
And to the wicked's hand hath turned me o'er.
I was at ease, but He did me up break ;
He also me hath taken by the neck ;
And hath to pieces shaken all my frame,
And openly me set up for His aim.

His archers compass me on all sides round,
He cleaveth through my reins, nor spares to
wound,

And poureth out my gall upon the ground.
With breach on breach he swiftly me doth crush,
He like a giant in on me doth rush.
I sackcloth have made fast upon my skin,
And in the dust have made my horn unclean.
My features, foul, are with my weeping made,
And on my eyelids rests death's awful shade,
Not for injustice in my hand or word ;
Also, my pray'r is pure before the Lord.
O earth, do not thou e'er my blood efface !
Nor do thou let my pray'r have resting place.
And, now, behold my record's in the sky,
And He that voucheth for me is on high.
My friends despise me, thus laid 'neath Thy rod,
But mine eye poureth out its tears to God.
That he a man's right would with God maintain,
And a man's son against his neighbour's bane ;
For a few years shall come, and I, forlorn,
Shall go the way whence I shall not return.

CHAPTER XVII.



MY days are closed, my breath it is
decayed ;
For me the grave is e'en now ready
made.
And surely with me here are mockers
vile,

And but on insults rests mine eye the while.
Lay down now, and put me in bond with Thee :
What man is he who will strike hands with me ?
For Thon from knowledge hast their hearts obscured,
Therefore shalt Thou not make their hopes assured.
He who his friends shall for a prey assail,
Then even his own children's eyes shall fail.
I to the crowd am also a disgrace,
I am as one for spitting in the face.
Mine eye, because of grief, is also dim,
And all my members are as shadows slim.
At this shall be astonished the upright ;
The pure shall rise against the hypocrite ;
Nor shall the godly from their ways relax,
But he that hath pure hands shall stronger wax.
But for ye all turn from your ways purblind,
For 'mongst you one wise man I cannot find.
My days are past, my purposes foregone,
And the thoughts even of my heart undone.
The night to day they change in quick relief ;
The light because of darkness seemeth brief.
If I should wait, mine house shall be the tomb ;

I've even now my bed made in the gloom.
I have corruption as my father owned,
And, as my mother, have the worm deponed.
And where is now a prospect left for me ?
As for my hope, whoever shall it see ?
They to the gates of the dark pit descend,
When our rest in the dust shall have no end."

REFLECTIONS.

Thus, with few words of withering disdain,
Did Job at once to Eliphaz make plain
His bitter sense—throughout his speech at large—
Of the mere truisms that formed his charge ;
And how much other, had their lots been changed,
Would Job his conduct have with him arranged.
On this point giv'n his emphatic word,
His thoughts again to the sad theme recurred
Of his afflictions seeming causeless end,
That seemed to him so hard to comprehend.
And then as if made suddenly aware
Of his cold friends' unsympathising care,
For those dire woes, that in their narrowed view
They harshly deemed were his transgressions due.
He—in his righteous cause unmoved none less,
That his case showed no prospect of redress—
For this expressed no hope of solace, save
Within the sad seclusion of the grave.



CHAPTER XVIII.



HEN, when Job had an end of speaking made—

Bildad the Shuhite answered him, and said :

“ When will it be that you your words will end ?

Do thou to what we now will speak, attend ;

Why is it we as beasts are counted quite ?

And are as vile regarded in thy sight ?

His spirit seems with angry passions torn ;

Shall for thy sake the earth be made forlorn ?

Or from its place, the rock for thee be borne ?

Yea, the light of the wicked shall expire ;

Nor shall enliven one spark of his fire.

The light within his dwelling shall not glow,

His lamp be quenched, and all his pride laid low ;

The footsteps of his strength shall trouble bound,

And his own schemes shall cast him to the ground.

Into a net he is cast unaware,

And by his feet, is led into a snare ;

Him by the heel the hidden gin will seize,

And him the robber will o’ercome at ease.

The snare for him upon the ground is laid,

And a trap for him in the way is made.

Alarms on either side make him afraid,

And to his feet shall hurry him in dread.

His strength, by hunger, shall be rendered void,

And ruin shall be ready at his side.

It shall the substance of his skin devour ;
E'en death's first-born shall all his strength o'er-
power.

His confidence shall from his dwelling fail,
And make him at the king of terrors quail.
It shall dwell in his house—his now no more—
And on it brimstone shall be scattered o'er.
Below, his roots shall be dried up ; above,
His branches quickly shall decay remove.
From off the earth shall perish all his fame,
And in the street he will not leave his name.
From light he into darkness shall be hurled,
And hunted from the presence of the world.
He'll have no son, nor nephew 'mong his kind,
Nor in his tents shall one be left behind.
Those that succeed shall awed be at his day,
As those that lived with him were in dismay.
Surely of sinners such is the abode,
And this the place of him that knows not God ! ”

REFLECTIONS.

To Job thus Bildad answered, in a tone
Whose haughtiness sufficiently is shown
By the few words that his remarks prefaced,
In which is irritation plainly traced ;
Then afterwards proceeded in a strain
Much similar to Eliphaz's vein—
That striking metaphors did much distend,
All typical of hardened sinners' end ;
Truths Job in no way sought to controvert,
And therefore wholly failed to disconcert—
As Bildad sought for sins in secret done—
Job's conscience that truly knew of none.

CHAPTER XIX.



HEN—*when Bildad ended his tirade—*

Job straight unto him answer made, and
said :

“How long will ye persist my soul to
tease,

And me in pieces break with words like
these ?

Me these ten times ye have unjustly blamed ;
In your estrangement ye are not ashamed.
And be it so that I've committed ill,
Mine error with myself remaineth still.
If ye will magnify yourselves, indeed,
And straight against me my opprobrium plead,
Know then that God hath put me to the rout,
And with His net hath compassed me about.
Lo ! I cry out of wrong, but none doth hear ;
I cry aloud, but judgment is not near.
My way He's fenced, that past I cannot get,
And in my paths He darkness deep hath set.
He hath deprived me of all my renown,
And from my head He hath removed the crown.
And me He hath on all sides round laid waste,
And mine hope like a tree He hath displaced.
He 'gainst me also hath inflamed His wrath,
And as His foeman me He counted hath.
His troops assemble, and raise up their mound,
'Gainst me, and camp my tabernacle round.
He hath my brethren from me parted far ;

And my friends from me truly sundered are.
My kinsfolk failed have to regard my lot,
And my familiar friends now know me not.
My household count me for a stranger quite ;
I wholly am an alien in their sight.
I called my slave, and he made no reply,
Though with my mouth him then entreat did I ;
My wife knows not my breath, though her, *sore*
wrought,
I for my body's children's sake besought.
Yea, e'en young children scorn of me did make ;
I raised myself, and they against me spake.
Yea, all my inward friends did me detest,
And are turned 'gainst me those whom I loved best.
Unto my skin and flesh my bones are shaped,
And with the skin of my teeth I'm escaped.
Have pity, O have pity ! ye, my friends,
For me hath God's hand touched *for bitter ends.*
Wherefore do ye me persecute as God,
And are not satiated with my blood ?
O that my words were now inscribed with care !
O that within a book they printed were !
That they were in the hard rock graven sure
With lead, and pen of iron to endure !
For that my Saviour liveth I know, and
That on the earth at the last day He'll stand ;
And though that worms my flesh waste in the mould,
Yet in my body I shall God behold,
Whom, and none other, for myself I'll see,
Although my reins consumed within me be.
But ye should say, Why Him thus persecute,
Seeing in me is found the matter's root ?
Fear ye ! for wrath the pains bring of the sword,
That ye may understand there's a reward."

REFLECTIONS.

With no small provocation in his tone,
That in his opening words is clearly shown,
At first Job answered Bildad's harsh discourse ;
Then dropping that, with how much bitter force,
Unto his friend's insistence of ill deeds,
He turns the point, he seemingly concedes,
'Gainst them, in words marked in their eloquence
Not more for grace than great in common sense.
As with their view he bade them be content,
And gloat their eyes upon his punishment ;
In those dire ills that made him desolate,
Whose long, sad list he then proceeds to state ;
How God with him, like an embattled foe,
Had in fixed method caused his overthrow ;
His substance wasted round on every side,
And in the dust cast down his wonted pride ;
His kindred from him in estrangement thrust,
Till e'en his wife looked on him with distrust ;
And of his health him so completely reft,
That with his teeth's skin he was barely left.
Here, as o'erwhelmed by his grief's overflow,
He of his friends begged pity for his woe,
And not themselves to put in place of God,
With their harsh strictures seconding His rod ;
And praying, further, that his case might be,
In lasting record of his righteous plea,
With lead and pen of iron—tablets staved—
Upon a rock indellibly engraved.
Yet still, 'mid his sad straits, sublime in faith,
He owned his certain hope that, after death,
The God who now in anger seemed concealed,
Would then in love be to his eyes revealed.

Then, finally, his friends he straitly charged,
 How they for him should have views more enlarged,
 In whom, though ills thus complicated round,
 Such signs of grace were manifestly found ;
 And cautioned them, lest retributive law
 Might on themselves dire consequences draw.



CHAPTER XX.



FHEN—*when Job had an end of speaking*
made—

Zophar the Naamathite, replied and
 said :

“ Therefore, to me the tumult in my breast,
 Stirred up by thee, do fitting words
 suggest.

The cheek of my reproach have I not heard !
 Which my mind's sense constrains me to regard.
 Hast thou not knowledge of this from of old,
 Since man was placed upon this earthly mould,
 That short's the jubilation of the base,
 And the deceiver's joy a moment's space ?
 Although his glory top the heav'ns' ascent,
 And his head reach unto the firmament,
 He like his own dung shall waste utterly ;
 They who have seen him shall say, Where is he ?
 He, as a dream, shall leave behind no trace ;
 Yea, as a vision, be chased from his place.
 The eye no more shall see him as of yore,
 Nor shall his place behold him any more.

His children shall desire the poor to please,
And his hands shall their plundered goods release.
With the sins of his youth his bones all teem.
Which in the dust shall be laid down with him.
Though wickedness should in his mouth be sweet,
Though he beneath his tongue should it secrete,
Though he doth spare, and it he will not quit,
But in his mouth he still reserveth it ;
Yet in his bowels his meat's turned withal,
It is within him as the serpent's gall.
He wealth had swallowed that he shall disgorge,
It from the belly God shall cause to purge.
He shall imbibe the serpent's deadly bane,
And with the viper's tongue shall he be slain ;
Nor shall he on the floods and streaming brooks,
The brooks of milk and honey, set his looks.
All that he laboured for he shall replace,
And shall not swallow it in any case.
According to his goods he'll make amends,
He shall therein enjoy no selfish ends.
Because the poor he hath oppressed and foiled,
He'll not build up the house that he despoiled ;
Because he hath no quiet in his reins,
He'll not himself deliver with his gains.
There was left nothing that he swallowed not,
Therefore his good shall not abide in aught ;
In his pride's fulness he shall be in strait,
Each troubling hand shall on him lay its weight.
When he'd his belly fill, God, like a flood,
Shall rain in furious wrath on him his food.
From th' iron weapon he shall flee in fright,
And through his reins the bow of steel shall smite.
The glittering shaft he draweth from his gall,

And deadly terrors then upon him fall ;
For all his hoarded stores is laid up gloom,
A fire not blown shall wholly him consume.
It shall go ill with him, *of comfort reft*,
That in his tabernacle still is left.
'The heavens shall his wickedness proclaim,
And all the earth shall rise up 'gainst his name.
The increase of his house shall flow away,
And all his goods depart in that dread day.
This is a vain man's portion from the Lord,
And heritage appointed by His word.'

REFLECTIONS.

The Naamathite replied, with zeal again,
That at Job's words he scarcely could restrain,
And who as though an iterative course,
Unto his charge gave cumulative force,
Once more described in tints of nether gloom,
The awful state of hardened sinners' doom ;
While seeds of woe that youthful errors laid,
He both with truth and graphic force portrayed.
Yet all these strictures of fierce scathing sound
Failed, as before Job's conscience once to wound,
Unconscious of transgressions unrenounced,
And guiltless of the evils thus denounced.



CHAPTER XXI.



WHEN Zophar had an end of speaking made,
Then Job *forthwith replied to him, and said:*
“Hear, diligently, this reply from me,
And let this speech your consolation be.
Permit me, now, until my words are done,
And after I have spoken, then mock on.

But as for me, to man is my complaint,
And were it so, should not my spirit faint ?
Observe me, and be as you look, amazed,
And lay your hand upon your mouth, abased.
E'en as I call to mind, I am afraid,
And trembling in my flesh holds me dismayed.
Why do the wicked still grow old in pow'r,
Yea, live and flourish mighty in their hour ?
Their seed with them are in their sight made sure,
And their young kept before their eyes secure.
Their tabernacles are still safe from fear,
Nor does the rod of God on them appear.
Their bull doth gender seed, nor faileth aught ;
Their cow doth calf, and her calf casteth not ;
They, like a flock, send forth their little ones,
Their children dance and shout with joyous tones.
They in their hand the harp and timbrel take,
And at the organ much rejoicing make.
They spend their days with what wealth they would
 crave,
And in a moment go down to the grave.
Though unto God, ‘ Depart from us,’ said they ;

‘ For we have no desire to know Thy way.
What is the Lord that Him we should obey ?
And what gain should we have to Him to pray ?
Lo ! in their land there is not any good ;
Afar from me’s the counsel of the lewd.

How oft is it the wicked’s lamps are quenched !
How oft sweeps ruin o’er their holds intrenched !
That in God’s anger sorrows forth are launched,
That they like stubble are before the blast ;
And as chaff that the storm drives whirling past.
Ye say God for His children stores his woe—
Let him requite himself that he may know.
Let his own eyes upon his ruin blink,
And of th’ Almighty’s anger let him drink ;
For what heeds he for his succeeding race,
If ’midst his months he is reft from his place ?
Shall any, God the way of wisdom show ?
Seeing that he the proud doth fully know.
One in his strength’s full vigour doth decease,
In quietude and wholly at his ease.
His breasts like pails with milk are heaved aloft,
And with full marrow all his bones are soft.
Another in his gall of soul doth die,
And ne’er with pleasure doth his food enjoy.
They in the dust shall all alike be laid,
And over them the worms alike be spread.
Behold ! I know your thoughts, and ev’ry scheme
Which ye now wrongfully against me deem.
For, ‘ Where’s the dwelling of the Prince ? ’ ye say ;
‘ And the tents of the wicked, where are they ? ’
Have ye not asked them that go by the road ?
And do ye not likewise perceive their mode ?
That the profane is kept for judgment’s doom ?
That they are led forth to the day of gloom ?

Who shall his way make known to every one,
And shall requite the evil he hath done ?
Yet still shall he be brought down to the tomb,
And shall remain amid its silent gloom.
Earth's clods shall wrap him sweetly ; more succeed,
As they unnumbered there did him precede.
Wherefore is't, then, ye comfort me in vain,
Seeing such falsehoods in your words remain ?"

REFLECTIONS.

Thus Job made answer, speaking in a tone
Whose wonted force and pointedness is shown ;
That must have his friend's logic sore perplexed,
In the intrenched ground of his favourite text,
That showed for sin God's swift avenging hand ;
Which Job confuted, by the stern demand
To show the cause why sinners thrive apace,
Grew old, and greatly flourished in their place ;
And though they God ignored, nor Him desired,
Came quick to death, and painlessly expired ;
Yet by his own woes terribly perturbed,
At God's laws by no seeming order curbed,
In those calamities that seemed to strike
The righteous and iniquitous alike ;
Job saw no cause, save in the thought alone
That God—impassive now upon His throne—
For all the wicked, yet in awful way,
Suspended judgment till earth's final day.
And firmly rooted in this glorious faith,
That righteous judgment should come after death,
He his accusing friends then sharply chid
For judging in the hasty mode they did
Of men's desserts, by their dooms manifest,
That Job showed was a doubtful one at best.

CHAPTER XXII.



HEN—*when Job had made answer on his side,*
Straight—Eliphaz the Temanite replied :
.. Can e'er a man unto the Lord bring gain,
As a wise man can for himself obtain ?
What joy to God is it that thou art just ?
Or gain, that thou thy ways dost well
adjust ?

Will He, for fear of thee, reprove thee so ?
Or into judgment with thee will He go ?
Say, is not now thy wickedness profound ?
And are not thy transgressions without bound ?
For thou for nought thy brother's pledge didst take,
And of their clothes the naked bare didst make.
Thou water to the weary would'st not grant,
And kept back bread from those who were in want.
As for the mighty man, he had the earth,
And dwelt therein the eminent in worth.
Thou widows hast away sent in distress,
And broken both arms of the fatherless.
Therefore do snares encompass thee about,
And sudden fear perturbeth thee with doubt ;
Or pitchy darkness that thou canst not see,
And waters in abundance cover thee.
Is not God in the height of heav'n afar ?
And lo ! the stars how high in heighth they are !
And thou sayest how doth the Almighty learn ?
Through the thick murky cloud can He discern ?
Thick cov'ring clouds His dreadful vision baulk,
And in the heavenly circuit He doth walk.

Wilt thou still keep to the old beaten road
That wicked people from of old have trod ?
Which were cut down, all out of time ignored,
On whose foundations then a flood was poured,
Which unto God, ' Depart from us ' have said ;
What can th' Almighty purpose for their aid ?
Yet He with good things filled their homes the
while ;

But far from me's the counsel of the vile.
The godly it behold and are o'erjoyed ;
The innocent do them in scorn deride.
Saying, for sure our foes are overpow' red,
And what they left the fire hath clean devoured.
Acquaint thyself with Him, and be at peace,
And by that means shall good with thee increase.
The law, I pray thee, accept from His lip,
And in thine heart do thou His words lay up.
If thou return to God thou shalt be built,
And if thou from thy tent remove thy guilt,
Then gold as dust thou to lay up shalt seem,
And gold of Ophir as stones of the stream.
Yea, shall th' Almighty's self be thy defence,
And plentiful thy silver shall be thence.
For in th' Almighty then shalt thou delight,
And unto God look up with face upright.
Then unto Him shalt thou in prayer bow :
He shall thee hear, and thou shalt pay thy vow.
Thou shalt decree a thing and 'twill be thine,
And on thy ways the light shall always shine.
Those that are humbled thou canst bid to rise,
And thou shalt save the man of downcast eyes.
Yea, even the guilty shall be freed by thee :
This by the pureness of thy hands shall be."

REFLECTIONS.

We here observe, at first, with int'rest high,
 In the mode of the Temanite's reply,
 The questions marked by philosophic force,
 With which at once he opened his discourse.
 But this regard, in swift transition strange,
 We feel to anger and amazement change,
 When Eliphaz, with sudden change of tone,
 Job straight accused of flagrant evils done,
 Though with no jot of proof for what he charged,
 On these as proved facts recklessly enlarged.
 How after that his precepts wise would fare
 With the afflicted man he thus laid bare
 As a convicted hypocrite at heart,
 To turn to God, and from his sins to part,
 We well may judge, who now have light to tell,
 For what end Job's afflictions on him fell;
 And fancy, too, with such false judgments teased,
 How much Job's sorrows were thereby increased.



CHAPTER XXIII.



HEN unto *Eliphaz's fierce tirade*

Job straight again replied to him, and
 said :

“ Even to-day most bitter is my woe :

My stroke is heavier than my groanings
 show.

Oh ! that I knew where I with Him could meet,
 That I might come up even to His seat !

My cause before Him I would order straight,
And fill my mouth with arguments of weight.
To what He'd answer me I would attend,
And what He'd say to me would comprehend.
Will He with His great pow'r against me plead ?
No so ; but He would to my words give heed.
A just man then with Him would hold his plea,
So from my Judge I ever freed should be.
Lo ! I go forward, and He is not there ;
And backward look, yet Him I see nowhere.
Where on the left He works He leaves no clue ;
While on the right He hideth from my view.
But the way that I take He doth behold :
When He hath tried me, I'll come forth as gold.
My foot hath held His steps as I designed,
His pathway I have kept and not declined.
Nor from His lips' command have I back slid,
More than my food His words esteem I did.
But who can turn Him, steadfast in his mind,
Who ever doeth as His soul designed ?
For He the thing doth that for me is set,
And of such things are many with Him yet.
Thus, at His presence, I am moved with dread ;
When I reflect, I am of him afraid.
For God makes soft my bosom at its core,
And the Almighty me disturbeth sore :
For of the darkness I am not dismayed,
Nor of myself whom darkness doth o'ershade.



CHAPTER XXIV.



“HY, seeing things are open to God's eye,
Do they that know Him not His days
descry ?
Some the old landmarks secretly erase ;
They seize on flocks and them in public
graze.

Th' ass of the fatherless their prey they make,
And, for a pledge, the widow's ox they take.
The needy from the way they turn aside ;
The poor of earth themselves together hide.

Lo ! as wild asses these go on their way,
Rising, betimes, they early seek their prey,
And by the desert nourishéd are they.
They in the field reap every one his grain,
And glean the vintage of the inhumane ;
They all night naked, without cov'ring, lie,
They have no clothes when the fierce blasts sweep by ;
While they are drenched by ev'ry mountain show'r,
And 'neath the rocks for want of shelter cow'r.
Some, infants fatherless, pluck from the breast,
And levy pledges of the poor distressed.
They cause the naked without clothes to stray,
And from the hungry take the sheaf away ;
Which oil within their walls make for their gain,
And tread their winepress, and yet thirst sustain.
From out the town men groan, the wounded roar,
Yet God doth not lay folly at their door.
These are of those who 'gainst the light rebel,
Nor know its ways, nor in its streets e'er dwell.

The murd'rer, rising with the early light,
Killeth the poor, and thieveth in the night.
Th' adult'rer, also, through the twilight steals,
Says, 'No eye seeth,' and his face conceals.
At night they dig through huts that in the day
They had observed : the light regard not they ;
For morn to them as even death appears,
If one know them they feel its chilly fears.

He like a spray on the swift flood is borne,
His portion in the earth is left forlorn ;

He by his vineyards shall no more sojourn.
The snowy waters, drought and heat consume,
And so do sinners moulder in the tomb.
The womb shall be oblivious of his form,
And on his flesh shall sweetly feed the worm ;
He no more kept in memory shall be,
And evil shall be broken as a tree.
Unto the barren he behaveth rude,
And to the widow doth not any good.
The mighty he doth with his pow'r procure,
He riseth up and none of life is sure.
Though he in safety at his ease is let,
God's eyes for all that on his ways are set.
They are exalted for a little space,
But are again brought lowly to their place ;
They, as all others, are removed forlorn,
And cut off as the topmost ears of corn ;
And if not so, who now will me correct,
And what I've spoken make of no effect ?"

REFLECTIONS.

As though not even deigning to allude
To Eliphaz's charge, so grossly rude.
We see Job—seemingly alone attent

To the fierce torment of his own complaint—
Before God's face desire his cause to prove,
In firm assurance of his righteous love ;
And Who, though now mysteriously concealed,
Yet His dread Being palpably revealed
In all His works in earth, and sky, and air.
Precluded him the refuge of despair ;
But rather to the glorious hope he rose,
That God, as gold, would purge him through his
woes.

Then, having his own innocence professed,
He seems again by preying fears oppressed
At God's mysterious entity and state,
So unsearchably, unchangeably great.
Yet that the wicked oft enlarged and throve,
His list of their enormities did prove ;
For whom, howe'er, sure retributive doom
He knew began when they came to the tomb.
And these his words, with truth according strict,
His carping friends he dared to contradict.



CHAPTER XXV.



HEN—*when Job had an end of speaking made—*
Bildad the Shubite answered him, and
said :

“ With Him are terror and dominion
great,

He peace ordaineth in His high estate.
Is any number to His armies known ?

And upon whom doth not His light shine down ?
How then with God can man be freed from sin ?
Or how can one of woman born be clean ?
Lo ! to the moon, and it withholds its light,
Yea, e'en the stars are not pure in His sight.
How much less man that is a worm in form ?
Or yet the son of man that is a worm ? ”

REFLECTIONS.

In Bildad's prudent answer here we see
How, in his proof from God's immensity,
He seemed to argue—and in that aright—
How wrong in man to seem pure in His sight,
Which sin he plainly, in its fullest sense,
Charged against Job, when in his plea's defence,
Unconscious of a cause for his dire strait,
He uttered words at times so desperate
(To this by his friends shameful judgments driv'n),
That seemed to charge the equity of Heav'n.



CHAPTER XXVI.



HEN—to the answer that the Shuhite made —
Job straight responded, and in answer
said :

“ How hast thou helped him that is power-
less ?

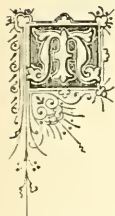
And how the nerveless arm dost thou
redress ?

How hast thou counselled him that is not wise,

And fully shown the matter to his eyes ?
To whom hast thou given utterance to speech ?
And whose the spirit came from thee to teach ?
Below the deep, where scaly monsters play,
The spirits tremble that in Sheol stay ;
Sheol is made naked to his eyes,
And for Abaddon there is no disguise.
O'er empty space He doth the north extend,
And upon nothing doth the earth suspend.
In His thick clouds the waters up are pent,
And under them the cloud is never rent ;
The bright face of His high throne He enshroud^s,
And over it He spreads the cov'ring clouds.
He on the waters hath a circle drawn
At the confines of darkness and of dawn.
The pillars of Heav'n at His presence shake,
And at His thunder's voice astonished quake
He by His power doth the sea divide,
And by His knowledge smiteth through its pride ;
And by His breath the heavens are made bright,
His hand the serpent pierceth in its flight.
Lo ! of His ways these parts but little show,
But who the thunder of His pow'r can know ? "



CHAPTER XXVII.



MOREOVER, Job his parable pursued,

Now with the subject rising in his mood:

“As God doth live, who hath my right
bereaved,

And the Almighty who my soul hath
grieved

(For yet my life is whole within my veins,

And in my nostrils still God's breath remains).

My lips do not that which is false repeat,

Nor does my tongue give utterance to deceit.

The Lord forbid that you I'll justify,

My virtue I'll not part with till I die.

I'll hold and not let go my righteous faith,

My heart shall not upbraid me while I've breath.

Let, as the unrighteous, be mine enemy,

And as the vile, he who doth rise 'gainst me.

For though he gains, what's the deceiver's stay,

When God from him shall take his soul away?

Will God *be willing from His throne on high,*

When woes assail him, to hark to his cry?

Will in the Almighty he himself delight?

And on God's name will he call day and night?

I, by the hand of God, now will you guide,

That which is with the Almighty I'll not hide.

Behold, all ye yourselves have seen it plain,

Then why are ye thus altogether vain?

This is with God a vile man's portion set,

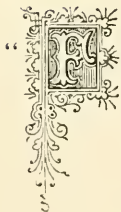
And heritage that tyrants from Him get.

His young shall for the sword be multiplied,

And they with bread shall not be satisfied.
Those that remain they shall in death inurn,
And for their sakes his widows will not mourn.
Although he silver heap up as the dust,
And raiment he should as the clay adjust ;
He may do so, but it the just shall wear,
And all his silver shall the guiltless share.
He buildeth, as a moth, his flimsy house,
And as a booth the keeper makes with boughs.
The rich man shall lie down, but not be sought,
He openeth his eyes and he is not.
Terrors, like waters, hold upon him lay,
A tempest in the night steals him away.
The east wind bears him off, and he doth leave,
And, as a storm, him from his place shall heave.
For God on him shall cast and not refrain,
Out of His hand he flee away would fain.
And men at him shall clap their hands at this,
And him out of the place in scorn shall hiss.



CHAPTER XXVIII.



“ **B**OR silver there is surely found a mine,
Also a place where they the gold refine.
Out of the earth is iron raised in store,
And from the stone is fused the brazen
ore.
Man to their furthest bound explores
beneath
The stones of darkness and the shades of death.

From man's abode they sink a shaft below,
Wherein, forgotten by the foot, *they go*,
Afar from men they vibrate to and fro.
As for the earth, bread cometh from the same,
And underneath 'tis heaved as if by flame.
There 'mongst its stones he sapphires doth behold,
And 'mongst its clay he gathers dust of gold.
And that path yet no fowl hath understood,
And it the falcon's eye hath never viewed.
The lion's whelps have ne'er there set their feet,
Nor the fierce lion, roaring, passed by it.
Man on the flinty rock his hand forth puts,
The mountains he o'erturneth by the roots.
He rivers out among the rocks doth cleave,
His eye doth ev'ry precious thing perceive.
He doth the floods from flowing o'er restrain,
And secret things to light brings forth again.
But where of wisdom shall be found a trace ?
And where is understanding's dwelling place ?
For man its value doth not understand,
Nor is it furnished in the living land.
The deep abyss says, ' It is not in me ;'
' And with me it is not,' replies the sea.
With gold its value cannot be conveyed,
Nor yet for silver shall its price be weighed.
Its value cannot gold of Ophir state,
Nor precious onyx, nor yet sapphire rate.
The gold and crystal cannot with it hold,
Nor shall it truck for jewels of fine gold.
Of pearls and coral naught need be advised,
For wisdom's price is far o'er rubies prized.
Eth'opia's topaz shall not with it rate,
Nor yet shall pure gold be its estimate.

From what part then comes wisdom, canst thou tell ?
And in what place doth understanding dwell ?
Seeing from all men's eyes 'tis screened with care,
And kept secreted from the fowls of air.
Death and destruction utter of the same,
' We with our ears have heard thereof the fame.'
God well acquainted is with its abode,
And the place knoweth where it is bestowed.
For to earth's distant ends He casts His eyes,
And He observeth under all the skies ;
To make for all the hurricanes the weight,
And He the waters doth by measure freight.
When for the rain He made an ordinance,
And for the thunder's way and lightning's glance,
Then did He it perceive and clearly tell,
Yea, He prepared it and explored it well.
And unto man His utterance was, Behold,
The fear of God, that wisdom is of old,
And knowledge is from evil to withhold."



CHAPTER XXIX.



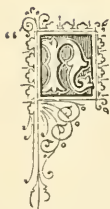
MOREOVER, Job, his parable pursued
(His stately theme inflaming more his
mood) :
"O that I were as in the months gone
past !
As in the days when God preserved me
fast !

When his bright candle did my head illume,
And by His light I walked safe through the gloom.
As I was in the days of youth, when—*felt*—
God's secret in my tabernacle dwelt ;
When the Almighty, yet, was with me found,
And all my happy children were around ;
When I, my footsteps washed with butter free,
And streams of oil the rock poured out to me,
And to the gate of the town turned my feet ;
And I my seat adjusted in the street.
The young men saw me, and each hid his face,
The aged straightway stood up in their place ;
The princes further their discoursing staid,
And on their mouths at once their hands they laid ;
The nobles raised no voice their breath above,
And their tongues to the roof of their mouths clove.
When the ear heard me, it straight blessed my word,
The eye with gladness—when it saw—concurred ;
Because the poor and fatherless, in need,
And him that had no help at all, I freed.
His blessing found me, who was like to die ;
And I the widow caused to sing for joy.
I, as my raiment, put on righteousness,
My truth was as a diadem and dress ;
As feet, indeed, I was unto the lame,
And I, as eyes, unto the blind became.
Unto the poor I as a father was,
And I examined every hidden cause ;
But I the jaws of the unholy brake,
And from between their teeth the spoil did take.
I said that I within my nest shall die,
And as the sand, my days shall multiply ;
My root shall to the waters access gain,

And on my branch the dew all night remain;
 In me my glory shall anew expand,
 And my bow shall be strengthened in my hand.
 Men unto me gave ear and waited grave,
 And silence kept when I my counsel gave;
 After my words they answered not again,
 And my discourse upon them dropped like rain;
 For me, as for the rain did they remain,
 And ope'd their mouths, as for the latter rain;
 That I laughed on them they would scarcely deem,
 Nor the light of my face would disesteem;
 Their ways for them I chose, and dwelt elate,
 As one that comforts mourners in their strait,
 And as a monarch throned among the great.



CHAPTER XXX.



OW me, they, who are younger far, revile,
 Whose fathers I would scarcely have erst-
 while

Permitted with my shepherd dogs to toil.
 Yea, whereto might their hands have me
 availed,

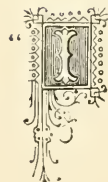
Who with old age were mouldered, and had failed;
 With want and hunger gaunt, and who for food
 Must gnaw the ground in desert solitude—
 They cut up mallows by the shrubs for meat,
 And roots of juniper dig up to eat;
 And from men's dwellings they are driven out,
 Who after them, as at a robber shout;

And they must in the valley's clefts reside,
And in the caverns of the mountains hide ;
Among the shrubs they like wild asses bray,
And 'neath the nettles stretch like beasts of prey.
Offspring of fools ! Yea, children of the base,
They from the land are scourged out in disgrace ;
And now am I their song of ridicule,
Yea, I am now their byeword for a fool ;
They me abhor, and hurry from me far,
Nor to spit in my face themselves debar.
Since God hath loosed my cord, and caused me pain,
They, too, before have let loose their rein.
On my right hand rise up a rabble vile,
They thrust my feet aside with covert guile ;
They mar my path and hasten my downfall,
E'en they who have no help themselves at all.
As through a breach the waters wildly whirl,
Amidst my woe, themselves on me they hurl.
 Upon me are turned fears and wild dismay,
 And as a wind, my soul pursue do they,
 Till, as a cloud, my welfare flees away.
And now, my soul is through my reins infused,
The days of sorrow have my loins unloosed ;
In the night time my bones corrode away,
My gnawing pains cease not by night or day.
My garment by my trouble's force is changed,
And as my collar, closely round me ranged ;
Into the loathsome quagmire me He threw,
Till I, like dust and ashes, am in view.
I cry to Thee and no ear dost Thou lend ;
I stand upright but Thou dost not attend.
To me Thou art turned cruel and morose,
Thine hands' great strength Thou dost 'gainst me
 oppose.

Thou set'st me on the wind, and of my form
The substance Thou dissolvest 'mid the storm.
For I know Thou to death wilt bring me yet,
And to the house for all the living set.
Such ruined heap He'll surely not destroy,
Though at His loss one lifts his hand on high.
For him in trouble did I not lament ?
Was not my soul grieved for the indigent ?
When I sought good I only evil found,
And stayed for light, when darkness brooded round.
My bowels boiled, and naught would them compose,
My days of woe prevented my repose.
I am made black, but not so by the sun ;
I, in the assembly cry, yet help find none.
A brother to the dragon I appear,
And to the owl I am a fitting peer.
My skin upon me is to blackness turned,
My bones, with heat appear within me burned.
My harp's now tuned to show my soul's travail,
And my pipe to the sounds of them that wail.



CHAPTER XXXI.



WITH mine eyes a covenant ordained ;
Why by a maid then should my thoughts
be chained ?
For what's the portion from God in the
sky ?
And what the inheritance of the Most
High ?

Is it not ruin doomed to the profane,
And to ill-doers misery and pain ?
My ways doth He not take into account ?
And of my steps doth He not know the amount ?
If I to vanity inclined my feet,
Or with my foot have hasted to deceit
(Let me be in an even balance tried,
That God may of my probity decide) ;
 If my steps e'er hath from the way declined,
 Or if mine heart mine eyes have walked behind,
 Or if a blot upon mine hand He find ;
Then let me sow and others eat the fruit,
Yea, my field's produce let disease outroot.
If by a woman I have been enticed,
If at a neighbour's door I've lain disguised—
To grind for others let my wife recur,
And let another bow down upon her ;
For this indeed is a transgression great—
A misdeed to be punished by the State.
For 'tis a fury that doth still consume,
And would to ruin all my substance doom.
If my man-servant's cause I made light of,
Or my maid-servant's when with me they strove,
What shall I do then when God will up rise ?
When me He visits, what excuse devise ?
Him in the womb did not my Maker frame ?
Did not One form us in the womb the same ?
If I the poor have from their wish kept back,
Or I have caused the widow's eyes to lack ;
Or with myself did e'er my morsel eat,
Nor asked the fatherless to share in it
(For fathered from his youth by me was he,
And guided by me from her birth was she) ;

If I've seen any wanting clothing pine,
Or without cov'ring saw the poor decline ;
And if his loins, 'mid Winter's blasts, at peace,
Have not had cause to bless me for my fleece ;
If I my hand raised 'gainst the fatherless,
When in the gate my cause I could redress,
Then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade,
And from my collar-bone mine arm be brayed.
For to me dreadful God's rebuke appeared,
Which for His excellency I greatly feared.
If I have e'er made gold my confidence,
Or, said to fine gold, 'Thou art my defence ;'
If I rejoiced because my wealth was great,
And that my hand had gotten much estate ;
If I beheld the sun when shining bright,
Or marked the moon when walking in its light,
And my heart hath been secretly trepanned,
Or that my mouth to them hath kissed my hand :
This, too, were trespass for the Judge's rod,
For I should have denied then heav'n's high God.
If I joyed at his fall who me did hate,
Or was, when evil came on him, elate
(Nor have I suffered my mouth to offend
By wishing to his soul an evil end).
If the men of my house said not elate,
'Whom could we find whom his flesh did not sate ?'
Out in the street the stranger never stopped,
But to the traveller my doors I ope'd.
If I, as Adam, my misdeed suppressed
By keeping it secreted in my breast,
Because a crowd or tribes I held in awe,
So that indoors I was forced to withdraw.
O that I'd one who would attentive be !

Behold my mark ! Let the Lord answer me !
And that I had mine adversary's plea !
Surely I it would on my shoulders bear,
And as a crown it I would proudly wear.
To him I would my steps amount make clear,
Like to a prince I would to him draw near.
If my land out against me cry of wrong,
And all the furrows weep with it along ;
If I its fruits have eaten without hire,
And caused their souls, who owned it, to expire,
Where late was wheat be now but thorns disclosed,
And for corn, weeds.—The words of Job are closed."

REFLECTIONS.

Thus to an issue Job brought his defence,
So marked by strong impassioned common sense ;
And that, so potent in his cause's ends,
Completely silenced his objecting friends.
At first commenting with supreme disdain
At Bildad's pose on the exalted strain.
Of the eternal sov'reignty of God,
Job, in the wonted grandeur of his mode,
To show how little this was news to him,
Dilated further on the awful theme.
Approving thus his reverential sense,
He spake again in passionate defence
Of his integrity, that 'mid his woe
He solemnly declared he'd ne'er forego,
Or that he would exculpate and forgive
His three censorious friends while he would live ;
Nor by the wicked's affluence dismayed ;
His faith in his cause this in naught gainsaid,
In firm assurance that their prosp'rous race

Would swiftly end in ruin and disgrace.
 Here from his theme he slight digression made,
 And wisdom's value gorgeously pourtrayed.
 Then swift again to his sad mood returned,
 As cut at heart he the remembrance mourned
 Of God's past favour and respect of men,
 Contrasted with the spectacle since then.
 Then, in conclusion, solemnly he freed
 Himself from guilt of conscious misdeed,
 In all details of truth in social ways,
 Whose very list in a strong light displays,
 By such warm zeal in ev'ry worthy cause,
 How great and truly noble this man was.



CHAPTER XXXII.



O these three men to Job ceased their
 replies,
 Because that he was pure in his own
 eyes.
 Then did Elihu's indignation flame—
 The Buzite. of the race of Ram, who
 came—

Against Job, then his wrath incited was,
 For that before God he absolved his cause.
 'Gainst his three friends, too, was his anger moved,
 For they condemned, yet had not Job disproved.
 Now Elihu waited had, because the three
 Were all in years far elder men than he.

When he saw these three men had naught to say,
Elihu's wrath then was inflamed straightway.
Then Elihu the Buzite, Bar'chel's son,
Said, " I am young and ye are old, each one ;
And for this cause I was restrained by fear,
And mine opinion durst not let appear.
For, I said, Days should surely utter speech,
And multitude of years should wisdom teach ;
But yet in man a noble spirit lives,
And him God's inspiration knowledge gives.
Not always wise are men of names renowned,
Nor with the aged is judgment's knowledge found.
I, therefore, said, Attend to me : behold !
I also will my sentiment unfold.
Lo ! for your words I patiently did stay ;
I heard your pleas while ye sought what to say.
Yes, I gave heed to you, but none there was
That Job convinced or had disproved his cause.
Heed, that ye say not, ' We have wisdom found ;
God, and not man, can only him confound.'
Now he his words did not against me aim,
Nor with your words will I my answer frame.
They are amazed, they utter no reply ;
They have no word to say or *reason why*.
And shall I wait because they thus give o'er—
Because they stand still and reply no more.
I said I also will reply my share,
I also will my sentiment declare ;
For my mind ample matter now contains,
And to vent which the spirit me constrains.
My belly is as wine that hath no vent,
Which, as new bottles, is like to be rent.
I'll speak, so that I may be eased thereby ;

I will my lips unclose, and make reply.
 I pray you let me not accept man's fear,
 Nor flattering titles to man render here.
 For flattering terms I know not how to say,
 Else would my Maker soon take me away.



CHAPTER XXXIII.



“O for this reason, Job, I pray thee hear,
 And to my speeches give attentive ear ;
 Behold, I now my mouth have openéd,
 And in my mouth my tongue hath
 utt'rance made ;
 Of my heart's uprightness shall be my
 speech,
 And unto thee my words shall knowledge teach.
 The Spirit of th' Almighty me hath formed,
 And me with life Jehovah's breath hath warmed.
 If thou canst answer me in any wise,
 Thy words arrange before me, and arise.
 Behold, I am as thou wished, in God's stead,
 Out of the clay I also have been made.
 Behold, my fear shall not make thee afraid,
 Nor shall my hand be heavy on thee laid ;
 For surely thou hast spoken in mine ear,
 And I the utt'rance of thy words did hear,
 Affirming, ' I am innocent of sin,
 Nor is there wickedness my heart within.
 Behold, He finds occasions *for my woe*,
 And He regards me for His *mortal* foe ;

And He within the stocks my feet doth lock,
And of the paths that I pursue takes stock.'
Behold, in this thou art unjust indeed ;
I'll answer thee, that God doth man exceed.
To strive with Him, what doth it thee avail ?
For of His matters He gives no detail.
For God once speaketh, yea, He doth so twice,
But man perceiveth not that 'tis His voice.
In a night dream, and vision in their sleep,
When in their bed men lie in slumber deep ;
He men's minds opens to what he reveals,
While on their minds He then instruction seals,
That He may from his aim withhold man's feet,
And loftiness likewise from man secrete.
He from the pit withholdeth back their soul,
And from the sword his life preserveth whole.
He on his bed, too, is with pain chastised,
And all his bones with pains are agonised ;
So that his life abhorreth bread to eat,
And his soul then revolts from dainty meat.
His flesh is wasted that it can't be viewed,
And all his bones that were not seen protrude.
Yea, to the pit his soul at length draws near,
And the destroyers put his life in fear.
If there with him is an interpreter—
One of a thousand, to man's truth declare—
He gracious is, and saith from the abyss,
'Deliver him, for I have found a price.'
His flesh, as childhood's, shall again be smooth ;
He shall return unto his days of youth.

God, who regards him, he doth then adore,
So that His face he sees with joy once more,
And He to man His goodness doth restore.

He sings before men, and says, ' From the right
 I turned aside, which God did not requite ;
 He hath my soul from the abyss set free,
 And my life yet enlightenment shall see.'
 Behold, all these things *in His wisdom's plan*
 God oftentimes accomplisheth with man
 To bring his soul from the abyss again,
 To be enlightened with the light of men.
 Mark well, O Job ! and unto me give ear ;
 Be still while I my mind will speak out clear.
 If thou hast ought to say to me, reply ;
 Speak on, for thee I wish to justify.
 If not, give ear to me ; thy peace now hold,
 And I shall wisdom unto thee unfold.'



CHAPTER XXXIV.



ELIHU answered and said, furthermore—
In the same strain of ardour as before :

" Oh, ye accounted wise ! my words attend,
 Your ears to me, ye that have wisdom,
 lend ;

Because the ear discerneth words' intent,
 As doth the palate all its nourishment.
 Then let us judgment just to us select,
 Amongst us let us know what is correct ;
 For Job hath said, ' I righteous am approved.
 And God my judgment hath from me removed.
 Should I against my right a falsehood plead ?

Though plagued incurably for no misdeed.'
What other man like Job has e'er been known,
Who, like to water, drinketh scorning down?
Who with the evil-doers walketh fain,
And keepeth company with the profane;
For he hath said, ' 'Twill man in naught requite
That in God's will he should himself delight.'

For this cause, hark to me, ye men of wit,
That He should err, from God afar be it,
And from th' Almighty evil to commit.

For He, man's work shall unto him repay,
And him reward according to his way.
Yea, surely God will not do wickedly,
Nor yet th' Almighty, judgment wrest will He.
Who of the earth hath given him control?
Or of the world, who hath disposed the whole?
If He should set His heart on man, to bind
Unto Himself the souls of all mankind;
All flesh shall be destroyed together then,
And into dust man shall be turned again.
If thou hast understanding, do thou hear,
And to the voice of my discourse give ear.
Shall even he that hateth right restrain?
And wilt thou Him that is most just, arraign?
Is't fit to say to princes, 'Ye are vain,'
Or, yet, unto a king, 'Thou art profane'?
How much less to Him therefore, who in aught,
The person of a prince accepteth not?
Nor yet the rich more than the poor esteems?
For, as His hands' work, all alike He deems.

Within a moment they shall all decay,
At midnight trouble shall the people fray,
And without hands the strong be snatched away.

Because His eyes are on the ways of man,
And all his goings on they closely scan.
There is no gloom or death shade from His eyes.
Where evil-doers might themselves disguise.
With more than right he will no person load,
That unto judgment he should go with God.
He, without number, shall great men efface,
And others raise to flourish in their place ;
For that their works He knows, and doth o'erthrow
Them in the night, who are dismantled so.
So He, as evil-doers, doth them smite,
And that, too, in the others' open sight.
For they turned from Him and profaned His days,
And would not ponder any of His ways ;
So that they cause the poor to Him to cry,
And He the afflicted heareth in the sky.

When He gives joy, who can make grief take
place ?

And when He hideth, who can tell His place ?

Whether 'tis done against a man or race ;
So that the godless be not raised on high,
And that the people be not snared thereby.
Hath any said to God, I chastisement
Have borne, although I had no ill intent ;
What I perceive not, teach me I implore ;
If I've done evil, I'll do so no more.
Shall it be just as suits thee, God's reward,
That thou the same dost proudly now discard ?
For thou must choose *the method*, and not I,
So what thou knowest of the thing, reply.
And men of understanding will declare,
And all the wise who hear me will aver
That Job's discourse hath been of knowledge void,

And without wisdom he hath words employed ;
I would that Job unto the end were tried,
Because that he, like the profane, replied ;
For that he sin annexeth to his breach,
His hands he clappeth, 'mongst us here, at each,
And 'gainst the Lord he multiplieth speech."



CHAPTER XXXV



ELIHU spake, moreover, still, and said—
As yet 'gainst Job he solemn protest made—
"Think'st thou this now to be a proper mode
That thou call'st it thy just plea against
God,
That thou say'st, what advantage dost
thou win ?

And what gain more than if thou did'st not sin ?
My answer will thy challenge disconcert ;
And thy friends with thee likewise controvert.
Look up into the heavens above thee now,
And mark the clouds that higher are than thou.
If thou should'st sin, what dost thou 'gainst His
state ?

Or dost thou to Him if thy sins are great ?
If thou be just, what to Him canst thou give ?
Or what is't He can of thine hand receive ?
Thy evil may a man as thou art pain,
Thy goodness to a man's son may bring gain.
For burdens great the poor cry in alarm,
They cry by reason of the strong man's arm.

But none saith, Where is God my Maker now ?
Who in the night doth songs of joy bestow,
Who us more light than to the beasts hath giv'n,
And makes us wiser than the fowls of heav'n.
There they cry out, but none an answer deign,
Because of vanity of men profane.
For vanity God surely will not brook,
Nor yet will the Almighty to it look ;
Much less when thou say'st Him thou dost not see,
Thou waitest for Him, and with Him's the plea ;
But now because He visits not in ire,
And doth not strictly into sin inquire,
Therefore, doth Job to no end make reply,
He without knowledge words doth multiply."



CHAPTER XXXVI.



LIHU, too, proceeded still, and said—

*With further charges 'gainst Job sternly
laid :*

"What I have yet, on God's behalf, to
say,

Suffer me somewhat more to show, I
pray.

I from afar my knowledge will imbibe,
And to my Maker righteousness ascribe.
Assuredly my words feigned shall not be,
He that is high in knowledge is with thee.
Lo ! God is mighty, and doth none despise ;
He mighty is in strength, and He is wise.

The life of the profane He'll not secure,
But giveth right to the afflicted poor.

He from the just takes not His eyes away,
But with kings watchful, on their thrones, are
they ;

Yea, He doth them exalt and 'stablish aye.
And if in fetters they should e'er be chained,
And in chords of affliction be restrained.
He showeth them their works of wickedness,
And maketh plain to them their sin's excess.
Their ear He openeth to chastisement,
And ord'reth them from evil to repent.
If they obey, their days shall prosp'rous end,
And all their years they shall in pleasures spend ;
But if not, they shall perish by the sword.
And, without knowledge, they shall die abhorred.
But in their hearts the godless, anger store ;
When He afflicts them, they do not deplore.
In early youth they perish in their sin,
And their life perisheth 'mong the unclean.
He in their woe, the poor frees from their fears,
And in oppression openeth their ears.

So from thy strait would He have moved thee yet,
To a broad way, where there would be no strait ;
And on thy board but fat things would be set.
But thou hast earned the doom of the profane ;
Judgment and justice hold of thee retain.
Watch lest to scorning, wrath should thee entice,
Nor be thou snared with thy great ransom's price.
Will He esteem thy riches ? no, nor store,
Nor gold, nor all the muniments of pow'r.
Do thou not hanker after night's dark shade,
When people in their places are waylaid.

Be careful, and regard not wickedness,
Which thou hast chosen rather than distress.
Behold, the Lord exalteth by His will,
And who like Him, instruction can instil ?
Who an injunction hath put on His way ?
Or 'Thou hast evil wrought,' to Him can say ?
Remember thou His works to highly rate,
Which men do sing, and justly celebrate.
Man looketh on them, and sees what they are ;
He may behold them looming from afar.
Lo ! God is great, and of Him we know naught,
Nor of His years' sum can be searched out aught.
For He the drops of water maketh small ;
According to its cloud is the rainfall,
Which the thick clouds do drop on *vale and hill*,
And in abundance upon man distil.
Can any also know how His clouds spread,
Or of His Tabernacle's noise o'erhead ?
Behold, on it His light diffuseth He,
And covereth the bottom of the sea.
For He by them doth judge the multitude ;
He in abundance giveth them their food.
He with the lightning covereth His hands,
And 'gainst th' assailant giveth it commands ;
Concerning Him the awful thunder tells,
And to the cattle shuddering in the dells.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

T this my heart doth tremble and unbrace,
And seems within me moved out of its
place.
Unto His voice attentively give heed,
And the sound that doth from His
mouth proceed.

He it directs 'neath the whole heav'nly vault,
And to earth's distant ends His lightning bolt.
A voice roars awful after its career,
He thundereth with His voice of might and fear,
Nor will He stay them when His voice men hear.
God with His voice doth marvellously roar,
Great things doth He that no one can explore.
For to the snow He saith, 'Be on the earth ;'
The small and great rain He sends likewise forth.
Of ev'ry man He sealeth up the hand,
That all men may His working understand.
Then into dens the wild beasts all repair,
And quietly tarry in their places there.
Out of the south the whirlwind cometh forth,
And cold out of the chamber of the north.
The breath of God doth hoary frost create ;
And the breadth of the waters is made strait.
His thick cloud, too, with moisture He doth load,
His lightning cloud, He spreadeth out abroad ;
It by His plan is turned about *in space* ;
To do his will upon the world's wide face.
He causeth it to come, or for a curse,

Or else his land to bountifully nurse.
O Job ! unto this harken, and stand still,
And weigh the wondrous workings of God's will.
Know'st thou when God did them their place assign,
And through His thick cloud caused His light to
shine ?

Canst thou tell how His vapours fluctuate ?
His wondrous works, Who is in knowledge great ?
And how thy garments are on thee made warm,
When with the south wind He allays the storm ?
Hast thou, like Him, the firmament outspread,
So strong, and like to molten glass o'erhead ?
Instruct us what we unto Him shall say ;
For we for darkness can't our words array.
That I durst speak, should He be let to know ?
He surely me shall swallow up, if so.
Now, in the skies, no man can brook the light,
When the wind, passing through, has made them
bright.

Out of the north doth golden splendour shine ;
With God is majesty and awe divine.

Concerning God, His ways we cannot sound ;
In pow'r transcendent, and in truth profound,
In justice great, He will not causeless wound.
Therefore do men Him reverence and prize ;
He loveth none who are in heart self-wise."

REFLECTIONS.

Thus Elihu answer made, quite scandalised
At sentiments Job let fall ill-advised ;
While driven to distraction by his woes,
And helplessness their reason to suppose ;
And by his friends' gainsaying further urged,

That him nigh mad, had with their censures
scourged ;

And wanting light, a higher cause to trace,

He simply said what he deemed was the case.

'Twas this that young Elihu's anger raised,

That first against the three men fiercely blazed ;

With all their sense of his self-righteous robe,

Yet utter failure to discomfit Job ;

To combat whom, for his words' daring strain,

He deemed so wrong, so utterly profane,

Elihu then—although in reverent mode—

Set up himself as advocate for God.

Yet who can well Elihu quite condone,—

With all his (throughout) excellence of tone—

For like harsh judgment with his elder friends,

That these woes were in equity's just ends ;

Beneath whose lash Job for his sins was brought

(Which we know now Job certainly was not) ;

And whose wild words, while writhing 'neath the
rod,

He further deemed sedition against God ;

For which Elihu purposely desired

The awful wish that Job might be required

Still further trials yet to undergo,

Who then was such a spectacle of woe

As might have tempered e'en Elihu's zeal,

Ere utt'ring such a wish, to think and feel ;

And who if in the ordeal of Job's place

Might scarce have borne it even with Job's grace."



CHAPTER XXXVIII.



FROM out the whirlwind—*speaking at this tide—*

The Lord to Job then for himself replied :

“ What man is this that counsel rendereth dense

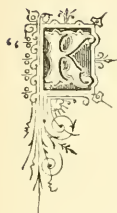
By words in which is no intelligence ?
Now, like a man, gird up thy loins straightway ;
For I will ask of thee, and do thou say,
When I the world's foundations laid down, where
Then wast thou ? if thou knowledge hast, declare
Who hath its measures laid, canst thou divine ?
Or who upon it hath stretched out the line ?
Whereon to rest are its foundations made ?
Or who the corner stone thereof hath laid ?
When all the morning stars sang in the sky,
And God's sons shouted with exulting joy ?
Or who with doors forbade the sea to come,
When it brake forth, as if straight from the womb ?
When I the cloud, the garment thereof planned,
And darkness for it made a swaddling band,
When for it my decreed place I did frame,
And bars and doors appointed for the same ;
And said, no farther shalt thou here invade.
And here the pride shall of thy waves be stayed.
Hast thou the morning swayed since thy career,
And given the dayspring knowledge of his sphere,
So it might take up both ends of the world

'That out of it the wicked might be hurled ?
As clay below a seal, 'tis all changed clear,
And all things as a glorious robe appear ;
And from the wicked is withheld their light,
And the arm broken that is raised to smite.
Hast thou seen where the ocean's springs are stored ?
Or hast thou its abysmal depths explored ?
Have death's wide gates unto thee opened been ?
Or hast thou death's dark portals ever seen ?
Hast thou the measure of the earth discerned ?
Declare if thou hast all this knowledge learned.
Where light resideth, canst thou tell the road ?
And as for darkness, where is its abode,
That thou should'st take it to its border so,
And thou the paths unto its house should'st know ?
Thou knowest, for thou doubtless then hadst birth,
And thy days' sum is vast upon the earth.
Into the snow's vast treasures hast thou been ?
Or of the hail, the treasures hast thou seen
Which I have stored for troublous times afar,
Against the day of battle and of war ?
By what way is the light allotted forth,
Which scatterth the east wind o'er the earth ?
Who hath a course made for th' o'rfloving flood,
Or for the thunder's bolts devised a road ;
To make it rain upon the desert lone,
And on the wilderness, to man unknown,
To satisfy the desolated waste,
And make the tender herb spring forth in haste ?
Hath the rain a progenitor ? or who
Hath generated all the drops of dew ?
Or out of whose womb hath birth to ice been given ?
And who hath gendered the hoar frost of heaven ?

As with a stone, the waters are concealed,
And the face of the mighty deep congealed.
Canst thou bind Pleiades' sweet force in the sky,
Or, where he flames, Orion's bands untie ?
Canst thou bring forth Mazzoroth in his tide ?
Or with his sons canst thou Arcturus guide ?
Knowest thou the laws of heaven, how they move ?
Canst thou set in the earth the rule thereof ?
Canst thou thy voice lift up unto the cloud,
That water in abundance thee may shroud ?
Canst thou send lightnings that they flash afar,
And unto thee ' behold,' say, ' here we are ' ?
Who hath put wisdom in the inward part ?
Or given understanding to the heart ?
Who can in wisdom the clouds' number know ?
Or stay in heav'n, their bottles overflow,
When into mire the dust is made to pass,
And the clods cleave as one in solid mass ?
Wilt thou hunt for the lioness, the prey ?
Or th' appetites of the young lions stay,
When they couch in their covert in their strait,
And in their dens in patient durance wait ?
Who for the raven food provides to eat,
When his young cry to God for lack of meat ?



CHAPTER XXXIX.



NOW'ST thou the time of the wild
mountain goat ?

Or when the hinds do calve, canst thou
take note ?

Canst thou the months tell that with
young they go ?

And the time when they bring forth, dost thou know ?
They bow themselves, their young ones forth they
bring,

And then forthwith their sorrows off they fling.
Out in the field their young grow strong and fair ;
They leave them, which thence no more seek their
care.

Who hath allowed the wild ass free to pass ?
Or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass ?
Whose house I have the wilderness bestowed,
And the salt places for his fixed abode.

The show he scorneth of the city's crowd,
And heedeth not the drivers crying loud.
His pasture's range is on the mountains bleak,
And after ev'ry green thing he doth seek.

Thy mandate, will the unicorn obey,
Or by thy manger be content to stay ?
Canst thou within the furrow him restrain ?

Or will he harrow after thee the plain ?
Wilt thou trust to him, since his strength is great ?
And wilt thou for him for thy labour wait ?
Wilt thou believe he'll bring it in thy wain,

And in thy barn will store up all thy grain ?
Gav'st thou the peacock's wings its gorgeous
 blooms ?

And to the ostrich all its costly plumes ?
Which her eggs on the earth deposits, and
Alloweth them to be warmed in the sand ;
Nor thinks the foot might crush them on its way,
Or the wild beast might break them for its prey.
She 'gainst her young—as if strange—is made hard ;
Though vain her labour, she hath no regard,
Because God hath of wisdom her debarred,
Nor understanding did to her award.

What time herself she lifteth up on high,
The rider and his horse she doth defy.
Gav'st thou the horse his strength, *that snorting loud*,
His neck seems clothed as with a thunder cloud.
Him as a grasshopper canst thou surprise ?
The glory of his nostrils terrifies.

He paws the vale, in all his strength elate ;
To meet the armoured men he goeth straight.
At fear he mocketh, and is not afraid ;
Neither doth he the sword try to evade.
The quiver rattleth in his swift career,
The studded buckler and the glittering spear.
He in his fury swalloweth the ground ;
Nor is he daunted at the trumpet's sound.

' Ha ! ha ! ' he answers with his furious neigh,
As if exulting in the dreadful fray ;
And he the battle's tumult scents afar.
The captains thundering and the shouts of war.
Doth the hawk soar on high at thy command ?
And to the south, abroad, her wings expand ?
Upon the craggy mountain she abides,

And in strong places of the rocks resides ;
 From thence she seeks her prey, her clam'rous
 brood
 Likewise suck up their victims' streaming blood.
 And she afar off can the quarry see ;
 And where the slaughter is, straightway is she."



CHAPTER XL.



HE Lord, moreover, answered Job *in speech* :
 " Shall he that strives with Him, th'
 Almighty teach ?
 He that reproveth God, let him reply."
 Then answered Job, and said to the
 Most High :

" Lo ! I am vile. What can I to Thee say ?
 Upon my mouth I will my hand now lay.
 Once have I spoken, but I'll not respond ;
 Yea, twice ; but this I'll not proceed beyond."
 Then from the whirlwind the Lord answer made, —
And to Job still addressed His speech, — and said :
 " Now, like a man, gird up thy loins straightway ;
 For I will ask of thee, and do thou say.
 Wilt thou likewise annul My judgment quite ?
 Wilt thou condemn Me, that thou may'st be right ?
 Hast thou an arm like unto what God's is ?
 Or canst thou thunder with a voice like His ?
 Now clothe thyself with majesty and worth,
 And deck thyself with grace and lustre forth.

O'er all the earth thy fury's anger throw ;
And each one that is high, see and bring low.
Upon the proud look down, and them abase ;
And trample down the wicked in their place ;
Them hide together in the dust at last,
And all their faces secretly make fast.
Then will I also unto thee confess
That thine own right hand can give thee redress.
Lo ! Behemoth, that I have made with thee,
And as a bullock, pasture eateth he.
Lo ! in his loins his mighty strength abides,
And in his belly's thews his force resides.
His tail he like a cedar's stem doth bend ;
The muscles of his thighs in thick knots blend.
To tubes of solid brass his bones compare,
And all his limbs like bars of iron are.
He is the chief of the ways of the Lord,
And is reached only by his Maker's sword.
Surely the mountains food to him afford,
Where all the field beasts sport upon the sward.
He lieth underneath the shady trees,
And basketh in the reedy fens at ease.
The lotus trees him with their boughs o'ershade,
The willows of the brook round him are spread.
So though a stream o'erflow, he's not afraid.
Nor though it swelleth to his mouth, dismayed.
Shall any take him when he is aware,
Or through his nose transfix him with a snare ?



CHAPTER XLI.

“ANST thou Leviathan draw with a hook ?
Or with a cord his tongue in his mouth
crook ?
Canst thou into his nose a fishhook
strike ?
Or perforate his jaw through with a
spike ?

Will he at all for favour thee beseech ?
Or will he make to thee enticing speech ?
Will he a covenant e'er with thee make,
That thou him shouldest as thy servant take ?
Wilt thou with him as with a pet bird toy ?
Or wilt thou bind him for thy maiden's joy ?
Will the companions of him make a mart ?
Will they among the merchants him dispart ?
Canst thou with barbéd irons fill his flesh ?
Or yet his head fill with the spears of fish ?
Lay thou thine hand upon him, *but beware*,
Think of the fight, and prudently forbear.
Behold, his hope is vain, that him would fight ;
Shall not one e'en be cast down at his sight ?
None is so daring as him to alarm,
Who then is able to withstand My arm ?
Who gave Me first that I should him requite ?
All underneath the heav'n is Mine by right.
His comely parts I'll not omit to state,
Nor yet his power and proportions great.
Who can his upper scaly robe strip bear ?

Or come within his double bridle's *snare* ?
Who can the wide doors of his face uncloze ?
His teeth stand round about in fearful rows.
His strong scales are his pride : they all appear
Shut with a seal, so close do they adhere ;
One to another is so close there seen
That them no air can penetrate between ;
Each to the other seems so close to bind,
They stick so that they cannot be disjoined.
By his strong neesing's force a light doth rise,
And like the morning's eyelids are his eyes.
Out of his mouth, too, burning torches flame,
And sparks of wildfire leap out from the same.
Out of his nostrils his breath goeth hot,
Like smoke from fire, or from a seething pot.
His nostrils' breath a fire in coals will raise,
And from his mouth proceedeth forth a blaze.
Within his neck is power's dwelling-place,
And terror leapeth up before his face.
The flakes of his flesh are together knit ;
His flesh on him is firm ; nor moveth it.
His heart is firm within him as a stone,
Yea, as a fragment of the nether one.
When he stands up, the mighty are afraid ;
They lose themselves by reason of their dread.
His sword that layeth at him cannot pain ;
The spear, the dart, the pointed shaft is vain.
He iron *in disdain* as straw esteems,
And brass as rotten wood he merely deems.
The arrow cannot make him turn to flight,
And sling-stones are with him as stubble light.
Darts but as stubble unto him appear ;
He laugheth at the shaking of a spear.

Sharp potsherds are below his belly spread,
And pointed things he in the mire doth tread.
The sea he maketh like a pot to leap,
And like a pot of ointment makes the deep.
He makes a path behind to shine with light,
Till one would think the waters to be white ;
Upon the earth his like doth not appear,
Who hath been made without a sense of fear.
Unawed, he vieweth ev'ry lofty thing—
O'er all the sons of power he is king."

REFLECTIONS.

Thus the Almighty finished a discourse
Unparalleled for majesty and force ;
In style and matter, taken ev'ry way,
What would be looked for from a God to say.
In wondrous condescension to a worm,
He Job straight challenges from out the storm,—
Not in the fury of insulted pow'r—
Not in consuming anger to devour,
With swift destruction, him who in his theme
Had dared to cavil at the Will Supreme,—
But like a gracious friend, who chose to stoop
To one with mind of much more narrowed scope ;
And laid the case at issue 'twixt them two,
By plain example, open to his view.
Thus did the Lord, Job in himself to low'r ;
And with proefs of his irresistible pow'r,
Maintained th' unquestioned right of His high
ends ;
Much as the same did Job's censorious friends ;
But here no charges gross, no scathing ban,
From Him " who seeth not, as seeth man,"

Job stern adjudged for his affliction's cause,
 The secret crime of virtue's outraged laws :
 As his three friends did with one mind agree
 To do so, and Elihu with the three.



CHAPTER XLII.



WHEN—*when the Lord a final end had made—*
 Job yet again replied to Him, and said :
 “ I know Thy power can all things pervade,
 And that no purpose of Thine can be
 stayed.

Who is't that foolish counsel hideth so ?
 Therefore I uttered what I did not know ;
 Things too marvellous for my knowledge weak.
 Hear, I beseech of Thee, and I will speak ;
 I'll ask of Thee, and do Thou make it clear.
 Of Thee I heard have, with the hearing ear ;
 But now mine eye perceiveth Thee, wherefore
 In dust and ashes I myself abhor.”

REFLECTIONS.

In Job, enlightened, what rare type we see
 Of true repentant, chaste humility !
 Late so unyielding in his pleas' appeal
 'Gainst all his friends' fierce, dogmatizing zeal,
 Until his views, admonished to reform
 By God's own voice, in thunder from the storm,
 That his dazed conscience, rousing from its trance,
 Removed the blind scales from his startled glance,

And showed him there a naked, abject clod,
In mad antagonism against God ;
When, from the height of his self-righteous trust,
At once himself he humbled in the dust.
Withal, the Lord's astonishing address
His mind did so exceedingly impress
With vivid views—undreamt of till that hour—
Of God's alike beneficence and pow'r
In his care o'er his creatures, so profuse,
And mandates to the lightnings and the dews ;
That for his late demeanour with the Lord,
He now himself as wholly vile abhorred.



CHAPTER XLII. (Continued).



AND 'twas so, when the Lord thus answer
made ;

To Eliphaz the Temanite, he said,
"Gainst you and your two friends my
wrath is moved,

Who spake not, as did Job, what I
approved.

Of rams and bullocks each, then seven take,
And offer them for Job My servant's sake ;
And Job, My servant, shall for you atone,
For him will I accept for you alone,
Lest I deal as your folly well behooved,
Who spake not, as did Job, what I approved."
So these three, as God bade, made Job amends,

And God accepted Job's pray'rs for his friends ;
And, as Job prayed, God loosed his bondage sore,
And God gave Job twice what he had before.
Then came unto him all his kith and kin,
And all aforetime that his friends had been,
And did eat bread with him, and him consoled
For all the woes that God o'er him had rolled ;
And every one a piece of coin did bring,
And all, besides, gave him a golden ring.
So the Almighty blessed Job's latter days,
More e'en than his beginning's prosp'rous ways :
For fourteen thousand sheep grazed on his land,
And he six thousand camels kept on hand ;
A thousand yoke of oxen swelled his store,
And of she asses full as many more.
And he had also seven sons born to him,
While three fair daughters caused his joy to brim.
The first, Jemima, with mood of the dove,
And named so fitting from the bird of love ;
The next, Kezia (from a sweet spice famed),
And Keren-happuck (from rare ointment named) ;
And with Job's daughters, so surpassing fair,
In all that land no women could compare.
So Job, their father, them possessions found
Among their brethren's land apportioned round.
And after this—these troubles all survived—
Job yet an hundred years and forty lived ;
And on his sons and sons' sons he did gaze—
And so Job died, being old and full of days.



CONCLUSION.



THROUGH Job's career thus carefully
we've trod,
That wondrous path so deeply marked
by God,
When to unskilled men in those ancient
days

He deigned to give more knowledge of His ways ;
And unto one of influence and name
For wealth renowned, and of unblemished fame.
He then a lesson gave, but which to know,
Cost sorrow and excruciating woe ;
But which, seen from life's promontory thence,
'Mid the dark billows of God's providence.
Has been a beacon that, with new life fired,
The world's succeeding ages has inspired.
And ye, who now in dark affliction sob,
Should not this beacon light of holy Job
Keep your faith bright amid your evil plights ?
That shows that God in goodness often smites,
And howe'er causeless seeming falls his rod,
That no ill purpose can proceed from God.
Then, with this knowledge of His ways assured,
In whatsoever depths of woe immured,
Should not this knowledge stir us to faith's mood,
That 'tis God's will, and what God wills is good ?



Sacred Poems.

THE SABBATH.



ANOTHER week has run its course, its
heavy toils are o'er,

The weary workman seeks his home
with limbs both stiff and sore ;

While sighing o'er his life of toil, he
hails with grateful zest

God's gracious privilege to man—the
hallowed day of rest.

The Sabbath morn dawns beautiful, all down the
Summer lea ;

The dew shines on the clover flow'rs, where early
hums the bee ;

The hens are cackling in the yard, the cocks are
crowing clear ;

The glorious sunshine seems more bright, the fields
more green appear.

Anon, upon the morning breeze with ev'ry gentle
swell,

Harmonious with the grateful scene, is heard the
morning bell.

Up! up, ye sluggards, from the couch, and sanctify
with pray'r
The day that brings us nearer God, and bans our
worldly care.

Now to God's house, with humble thoughts, His
people wend their way,
As Judah's tribes to Zion's courts were wont to in
their day.
'Tis sure a comely thing and sweet, with common
thought possessed,
To see men leave their cares awhile beside the Lord
to rest.

The preacher is the Church's heart; ah! happy if
he warms
In leading anxious souls to Christ, and paints
religion's charms;
Yet worldly thoughts will cross the mind at times in
scenes like these,
As oft we find the clearest spring is ruffled by the
breeze.

Let worldly sophists bear themselves with God-
defiant port,
And ev'ry Sabbath day profane with vain unhallowed
sport;
Yet all their self-sufficient pride, their merriment
and din,
Will scarce subdue remorse and fear, concomitants
of sin.

Yet God Himself hath owned His work, and He will
plead His cause

With dreadful vengeance on their heads who trample
on His laws.

Where then will be the scoffer's boast, or where the
sophist's sneer,

When called to judgment on that law whose truths
they slighted here ?

Oh, how besotted must he be—with moral vision
dim—

Who'd grudge one day unto His praise, who gives
six days to him !

But from the way He hath ordained—appointed in
His word—

Let others choose a wider course, but we will serve
the Lord.



THE TIME IS WEARING ON.



LIKE the changes on a stage,
With their scenes of joy and rage,
Are the records of Life's page ;
As the Time is wearing on.

For manhood yearns the boy,
But hope still in decoy
Ever onward points to joy,
While the Time is wearing on.

And like children at their play,
So we wear our lives away,
Till our hair is turning grey,
 As the Time is wearing on.

While our shrinking forms of clay,
Growing thinner every day,
Are sure tokens, by the way,
 That the Time is wearing on.

But to grasp and hoard and grieve
O'er the treasures we must leave,
Seems our only end to live,
 As the Time is wearing on.

And the sound of labour rings,
As his tool the workman swings,
And no rest the Sabbath brings—
 But the Time is wearing on.

Whilst the months fly on apace,
And the years join in the race;
As our phantom gods we chase,
 While the Time is wearing on.

And no one seems to fear
For the future drawing near,
Coming closer every year—
 Yet the Time is wearing on.

Of preparing for that day,
When the earth shall pass away,
And the elements decay,
 Though the Time is wearing on.

When the tribes of every land,
By Jehovah's dread command,
At His judgment seat will stand—
Yet the Time is wearing on.

Then contempt will slay the proud,
And the mighty shriek aloud,
When they see Him in the cloud,
And the Time is wearing on.

But the righteous then will reign,
And the martyrs who were slain,
Now their promised crowns will gain,
For this, Time is wearing on.



O PRAISE THE LORD, FOR HE IS HOLY.

(Psalm 99th).



WHILE Life's brief seasons onward roll,
From earth's allurements vain weaned
wholly,
With watchful care and fervent soul
O praise the Lord, for He is holy.

By dreadful judgments, he men's sons
Reproveth of presumptive folly,

And chasteneth His chosen ones—
O praise the Lord, for He is holy.

Though He dwells high the heavens above,
Yet to the contrite and the lowly
He condescends to look in love—
O praise the Lord, for He is holy.

By nature vile, and prone to sin ;
It was His own devising solely
The work of grace our hearts within—
O praise the Lord, for He is holy.

He gave His Son to shed His blood,
When we were lost in sin and folly,
With whom we now are heirs of God—
O praise the Lord, for He is holy.

Him trusting in assurance thus,
And yet with spirits meek and lowly
In view of His rich grace to us,
O praise the Lord for He is holy.

And not as it were fitfully,
But with sustained devotion, solely
Constrained by love so full and free—
O praise the Lord, for He is holy.

O ye redeemed, your spirits guard,
Lest ye return again to folly ;
But with your lives, in watchful ward,
O praise the Lord, for He is holy.

THE LORD IS KIND.



HE Lord is kind, though we are blind,
And of right thoughts incapable,
Who fret and pine with hearts malign
When aught befalls to thwart our will.

His storms must come, albeit some
That fear His name are in their way ;
Their pitiless course none the less
They still hold on and do not stay.

Our feeble sense Omnipotence
To estimate can never hope ;
His hidden ends our ken transcends,
And suit not with our earthly scope.

The planets large are in His charge ;
His ways and laws unsearchable ;
Yet these in might are ordered right,
And storms and plagues subserve His will.

Yet in His plan of love to man
For prayer He reserved a place,
That in the hour when troubles low'r
Has wondrous gain and wondrous grace.

Then to Him low in reverence bow,
That in each strait He us may guide ;
With trusting grace that He our case
Well knows, and will what's good provide.

A SONG OF PRAISE.



O God my song in thanks I'll raise,
For Him to serve is great reward ;
Well may the humble sing His praise,
Who to their prayer hath regard.

When trouble burst across my path
And whelmed me o'er with sudden woe,
Until it seemed that God in wrath
Had stretched His hand and laid me
low.

I bowed my head and murmured not,
But unto Him my plea did make—
Not for my righteousness in aught,
But my great need and Jesu's sake.

And now I know God *is* indeed,
And that He hears and answers prayer ;
Who heard me in my strait, and freed
Me from the pit of darkness there.

And when I wandered through the land
With anxious fears oppressed and faint,
He guided me as by the hand,
And raised me friends where'er I went.

And He my work with triumph crowned,
And loosed my bondage and my care ;

And him with hope made to abound
Who late was bordering on despair.

Such is their heritage of grace
Who meekly seek the Lord aright ;
And with Him leaving all their case,
Walk on by faith and not by sight.

I now am debtor all my days
His wondrous goodness to record ;
And for His grace in all my ways
To praise and magnify the Lord.



NIGHT THOUGHTS.



HAT moral do God's mercies teach
But that His love to man is rich—
Ample and broad beyond compare :
Why should the greatest wretch despair?

Knowing our natures, weak and vile,
He with our follies bears a while,
For love to our poor fallen race
To lead us to the throne of grace.

'Tis true we've trampled on His laws,
Provoked Him oft without a cause ;
Yea, we with sins are crimson dyed,
Yet 'twas for sinners Jesus died !

Sinner, attend ! Howe'er depraved,
 Or by habitual sin enslaved,
 In Jesus' blood so freely shed,
 There's life for those in spirit dead.

Ye sons of men, arise in haste,
 And of such glorious goodness taste ;
 Since God creation's fabric made,
 Such love as this was ne'er displayed.

Lingering mortals, why delay ?
 The day of grace may flee away.
 And naught remain but doubt and gloom—
 A fearful presage of the tomb.



SORROW FOR SIN.



JESUS, Lord, whom I adore,
 For my soul now wounded sore,
 Once again my earnest pray'r
 Would beseech Thy sovereign care.

Great Physician, who before
 Oft has healed this chronic sore,
 Deem not its recurring ill
 Is in me incurable.

In my carelessness of talk,
 In my heedlessness of walk,

Thou hast seen me at my fall
Filled with bitterness and gall.

Yet in Thine abundant grace
I will hope of mercy place,
And to Thee my sins confess,
Who art all my righteousness.

Not the moment of my fault,
Not the fear of its result,
But Thy Spirit grieved the while
Makes me in my own eyes vile.

Oh, cause Thou Thy light to shine
On this troubled soul of mine ;
For Thine own sake do not refrain,
But free me from sin's loathsome stain.

My disease, though deadly still,
Thou canst overcome at will :
Oh, apply Thy healing balm,
That my fevered mind may calm.

See me, Lord, of peace bereaved,
Till by Thy free grace reprieved,
When at once, its dread made void,
Sin's sharp sting will be destroyed.



RESIGNATION.



WOULD I constrain this evil mind—
So much to murmuring thoughts inclined—

To think upon the Lord ;
To dwell on all the mercies rare,
He hath for me with gentle care
In rich abundance stored.

With clearer eyes then would I see,
How with a wayward child like me
His patience hath forborne.
Forborne long, forbearing still,
Though fretful murm'ring at His will
Hath been my sole return.

Forgive me, Lord, if I have erred ;
Truly, my lot was scarcely hard ;
For this I lift my song.
I greatly glory in Thy love,
By which my soul oft springs above :
My heart with hope beats strong.

Now hopes and fears are equal tossed ;
Now fear in glorious hope is lost.
Now hope gives way to fear ;
When doubts and fears are closing round,
And faith and hope in these are drowned,
My God ! O then be near,

Let this mine earnest pray'r be heard ;
I do not doubt Thy mercy, Lord ;
 But I myself mistrust
When journeying by the narrow way,
Despairingly I find each day
 My soul cleave to the dust.

But casting doubts and fears aside,
I'll seek my Saviour's bleeding side—
 On Him my hopes I place.
What can I say ? what can I do ?
But penitence and faith renew,
 And look unto His face.



SPURGEON.



H ! Thou to whom my song I raise,
Teach me in smooth harmonious lays
 To tell the grief I feel ;
So that my mind may strongly teem
With high thoughts, worthy of the theme
 That now inspires my zeal.
Not for myself I now beseech,
 But for Thy Zion's sake—
In trouble o'er her grievous breach,
 With so much cost at stake—
With railing, assailing,
Her foes are growing bold,

And their fervour, who serve her,
In many faint and cold.

For from her watch-tower now is gone
One who there long, with trumpet tone,
Warned sinners of their doom,
And reasoned with them in their trance
Of Righteousness and Temperance—
Of Judgment and the Tomb.
As vainly 'gainst some granite bluff,
Beats ocean's seething flood ;
'Gainst trimming scheme and open scoff
So in his place he stood
Unwavering, nor favouring,
Of compromise the least ;
Such zeal in him thus sealing him
God's genuine high priest.

'Twas no advanced creed, dear to sense,
Enhanced by glittering eloquence,
Gave such pow'r to his word ;
But, as with dying men to plead,
With zeal that knew no wider creed
Than in " Thus saith the Lord,"
And the great theme of sin and death,
And Christ's redeeming grace,
The gift of the Believer's faith,
He, instant in his place,
Kept thundering, while wondering,
A multitude to hear
Thronged glowing, and growing
In earnestness and fear.

Then let us prize as treasures rich
The works he left behind, in which
 " He speaketh still though dead " ;
That show, how to the world's amaze,
He on their ways purblind the blaze
 Of God's word fearless shed.
His Church may well despair—bereft
 Of those gifts he employed—
To fill the place that he has left,
 So great appears the void.
The latest, the greatest
 Of Elijah souls of fire ;
God grant still his mantle
 An Elisha may inspire.



THE BIBLE APPEAL.



ET us gird on the swords that our fore-
fathers drew,
And prove to our country as loyal and
true ;
Who during the hour of their trial of
faith,
Contended in suff'ring, and triumphed
in death.

Let us fight for that volume which sceptics and fools
Would strip of its honours, and ban from our
schools.

Who would wrest from the children, with all that's
 been done,
The charter their fathers so hardly had won ?

Let the martyrs of Pentland and Bothwell, who fell
By the ruthless Dundee, and the brutal Dalzel,
Tell the cost that the Bible for Scotland was bought,
That would now be deprived, and its claims set at
 naught.

Remember the men who as beacons once shone
Through our country's long night, and preserved
 her her throne—

The bane of the tyrants and foe of the knaves,
Who would shackle the people and keep them as
 slaves.

That stern race of iron, whose zeal for the Lord
Made them worship in fear with their hands on the
 sword.

For the Bible they suffered and braved ev'ry doom,
And to Britain bequeathed as her dearest heirloom.
Did our martyrs encounter the faggot and stake
For the Bible, and shall we be dumb for its sake ?
Shall we suffer malignants its claims to decry
Without word of defence or indignant reply ?

Around the good cause let us rally, nor fear
That the foe shall prevail while the Leader is near
The daring opponents shall pale at his sight,
And heartless and broken abandon the fight.
Evil times are upon us—'tis sad to behold
How wolves in sheeps' clothing have entered the
 fold,

Who would yield the strong tow'r of the Protestant's
home
To the infidel's sneer and the sophists of Rome.



WRITTEN ON A FLY LEAF OF A BIBLE.



ACCEPT, dear friend, in Christ beloved,
This Book which points the way on
high ;
Which tells of Christ, our friend ap-
proved,
Whose blood to God hath brought us
nigh.

And in the hour of demons' rage,
When fierce temptations round thee rise,
May the sweet comforts of its page
Thy troubled soul lift to the skies.

For few and fleeting are the years
That in this vale with pain we spend ;
A scene of trouble, cares and fears
Fills up the view from end to end.

But with this Book we have a ray
That with a sense of sin forgiven,
Will cheer our oft-beclouded way,
And light us to the gate of Heaven.

OH, MAN, HOW EVIL ARE THY DAYS.



H, man, how evil are thy days,
Whose boasted strength so soon decays!
Distraught by fevered dreams of gains,
Fenced with infirmities and pains,
From happiness still far exiled ;
Yet buoyed up by fond fancies wild
Of some bright star's prospective beams
That on thy fortune seldom gleams.

Who vainly seek, 'mid bow'rs of ease,
To ignore life's uncertain lease,
Yet still through all that guards thy path
Protrudes the grisly form of death.
What futile labours to employ,
For where is no abiding joy ;
And all experiences appear
But mouldings for another sphere.

Fond on the promises fulfilled
Of offsprings' hopes the parents build,
And still content to mark each day
In their increase their own decay ;
On their upgrowth, with hopes profound,
Their sum of joy seems fondly crowned,
But to find then they must give place
Unto their swift encroaching race.

To crowd within life's fleeting span
What infinite designs ye plan—
Your works, that obstacles defied,
But monuments of bootless pride.
High tow'ring through the ageing years
The god-like edifice appears,
While at the basements, far below,
The pigmy builders ebb and flow.

In forms so frail, in minds supreme,
In proud self-love yet little deem
That these high gifts on you bestowed
Were merely lent for glorying God.
Then cease from pride, and learn with fear
Your Maker's purpose with you here,
Whose inward witness, pointing high,
Directs you straightly to the sky.



ISAIAH LIII.



ORD, who hath our report believed ?
Or hath Thine outstretched arm per-
ceived ?

He, growing like a root is found,
Or tender plant in barren ground.

No form, nor comeliness hath He ;
Naught to desire in Him we see ;
But one in lowly form disguised,
Of men rejected and despised.

A man of sorrows is His state,
And He with grief is intimate ;
Yet we our faces hid from Him,
Despised and held in low esteem.

Surely our sorrows He hath borne,
And all our ills, lest we should mourn ;
Yet we beheld Him 'neath the rod,
Chastised and smitten by His God.

All we like sheep have gone astray,
We each have turned to his own way ;
The Lord on Him our sins hath laid,
And He the full atonement paid.

For our transgressions He was bruised
For our iniquities abused ;
He all our chastisement endured,
And by His stripes we all are cured.

He was afflicted and oppressed,
No murmur yet His mouth expressed ;
But like a lamb He is become,
Or sheep, before her shearers, dumb.

To prison borne without a word ;
And who will now his name record ?
Cut off from all the living clime,
And stricken for my people's crime.

His grave He with the wicked made,
And with the rich in death was laid ;
For He had done no ill the while,
And in His lips was found no guile.

Yet Him it pleased the Lord to bruise,
And o'er His soul made grief suffuse ;
Till he hath borne the curse decreed,
When He will see His righteous seed.

By His obedience now will stand,
God's work for man's salvation planned ;
Who His soul's travail then will see,
And satisfied therewith shall be.

And God His portion will create,
And make Him equal with the great.
And He, victorious from His toil,
Will with the mighty share the spoil.

For He to death poured out His soul,
And numbered the transgressor's roll ;
And He, for many, bore God's wrath,
And for the guilty tasted death.



BLIND BARTIMEUS.



BLIND Bartimeus for many a day
His bread of the people had begged by
the way ;
For his cup of Life's bitters was filled to
the brim,
And this world's afflictions sat heavy on
him.

At length he began to give heed to a Name
That, daily increasing, extended its fame.
Some said 'twas the Christ of the prophets arrived,
And his heart, strong in faith, at the tidings revived.

And he heard of the gospel He preached through
the land,
And the wonders and signs that were wrought by
His hand ;
All pointing Him out as the One long foreshown,
And he glorified God for remembering His own.

Now, in bright expectation, he looked for the day
When this Doer of wonders should pass by his way ;
For he felt that an end of his troubles was near,
And a change coming on that would shortly appear.

Where the palm trees of Judah o'erhung the
highway,
And screened with their foliage the sun's burning
ray,
There sat Bartimeus beneath their cool shade,
But the son of Timeus seemed pensively weighed ;

When the hum of a multitude smote on his ear,
" What meaneth this tumult ? " he asked of one
near ;

But how his heart leapt when he heard the reply,
That Jesus of Nazareth was journeying by !

He instantly sprang, at that name, to his feet,
For the sum of his long cherished hopes was
complete ;

Then, clasping his hand and bending his knee,
Cried " Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on me."

But the people rebuked him, and bade him keep
 peace,
For, vexed with his clamours, they wished him to
 cease ;
But the more they rebuked him, the louder cried he :
“ Thou offspring of David, have mercy on me ! ”

At the blind man's entreaties, the Saviour stood,
For His mission on earth was to heal and do good ;
Whilst the light in His eyes, so calm and serene,
Reflected the soul of the great Nazarene.
He bade him be called, and they comfort the blind ;
And their words were as balm to the woe of his
 mind ;
“ He calleth thee, rise, let thy sorrows repose ” ;
And casting his garment aside he arose.

“ What wouldst thou ? ” He asked, as the blind
 man drew nigh.
“ Lord, give me my sight, ” was the trembling reply.
He answered in accents that thrilled to his soul,
“ Because of thy faith, go in peace, and be whole.”

Then the bright light of Heaven flashed full on his
 view,
With the glories of Nature's rich varying hue ;
Till he gazed on a grand panorama displayed,
All lovely and green, like a world newly made.

And he gazed on that face full of pity and grace,
And the love that constrained Him to die for our
 race ;
Then his loud words of praise rose again and again,
While the awe-stricken multitude answered Amen.

THE BOW.

(2nd Samuel, 1st and 17th)



IN the high places Israel's beauty lies low,
They fled from the sword, and they fell
by the bow ;
And the glory of Jacob is dimmed by
their fall,
And fled like a shadow the glory of
Saul.

Let rumour be silenced in Askelon's path,
Nor news of their downfall be published in Gath ;
All tidings be hushed of that fate-boding morn,
Lest the Philistines' daughters should triumph in
scorn.

Ye hills of Gilboa, now blooming so green,
Let dew on your verdure no longer be seen ;
Nor fatlings for sacrifice thenceforth there slain,
Where the mighty have fallen, who fought there in
vain.

For there have been shivered the falchion and bow,
That empty turned not from the blood of the foe,
And cast to the uncircumcised for a spoil,
The shield of the mighty, anointed with oil.

Defenceless the buckler, and feeble the sword,
They sank on the mountains, forsook by the Lord ;
Who, aforetime, were stronger than lions in war,
And swifter than eagles to meet it afar.

Jonathan and Saul—alike mighty in mould,
And in spirits as daring—were fair to behold ;
So noble in soul, and in love so combined,
They were lovely in life, and in death not disjoined.

Ye daughters of Jacob, now loudly lament,
For them let your garments in anguish be rent ;
Who saved you, and fostered your vineyard and fold,
That clothe you in scarlet, and deck you with gold.

Ah ! Jonathan, noble and dear to my soul !
For thee tears of anguish, my brother, down roll ;
That proud form that gave to my view such delight,
Lies it now with the mighty on Gilboa's height ?

And cold is that heart whose affections displayed
Was so wondrous for me, passing that of a maid.
O how are the mighty of Jacob laid low,
And in their hands shivered the falchion and bow !



THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.



HOW bright amid the starry zone
Sparkled that heavenly gem
That first in new-born beauty shone
O'er favoured Bethlehem !
That guided with its brilliant ray,
The wise men came to scan,
Where cradled with the oxen lay
The hope of fallen man ;
The story of glory,
While shepherds watched by
night,
Bright winging and singing
Proclaimed a choir of light.

What hallowed thoughts Naz'reth embalm ;
Capernaum by the sea !
While still there seems a holy calm
To rest on Galilee ;
For there the mighty works were done
That silenced cavilling scribes,
When, veiled in flesh, God's holy Son
Sojourned with Judah's tribes ;
Where driven and riven
His days in grief were sped,
Nor even 'neath heaven
A place to lay His head.

Through Israel's villages He went
With news of Gospel grace ;
His life in doing good He spent
For a recusant race.
To Zidon's coast of heathen night
On mercy's work He came.
The shades of death to Gospel light
Were quickened by His flame ;
Yet there he, worn weary,
Would fain have been kept hid,
But gainsaid, such pains made
The wonders that He did.

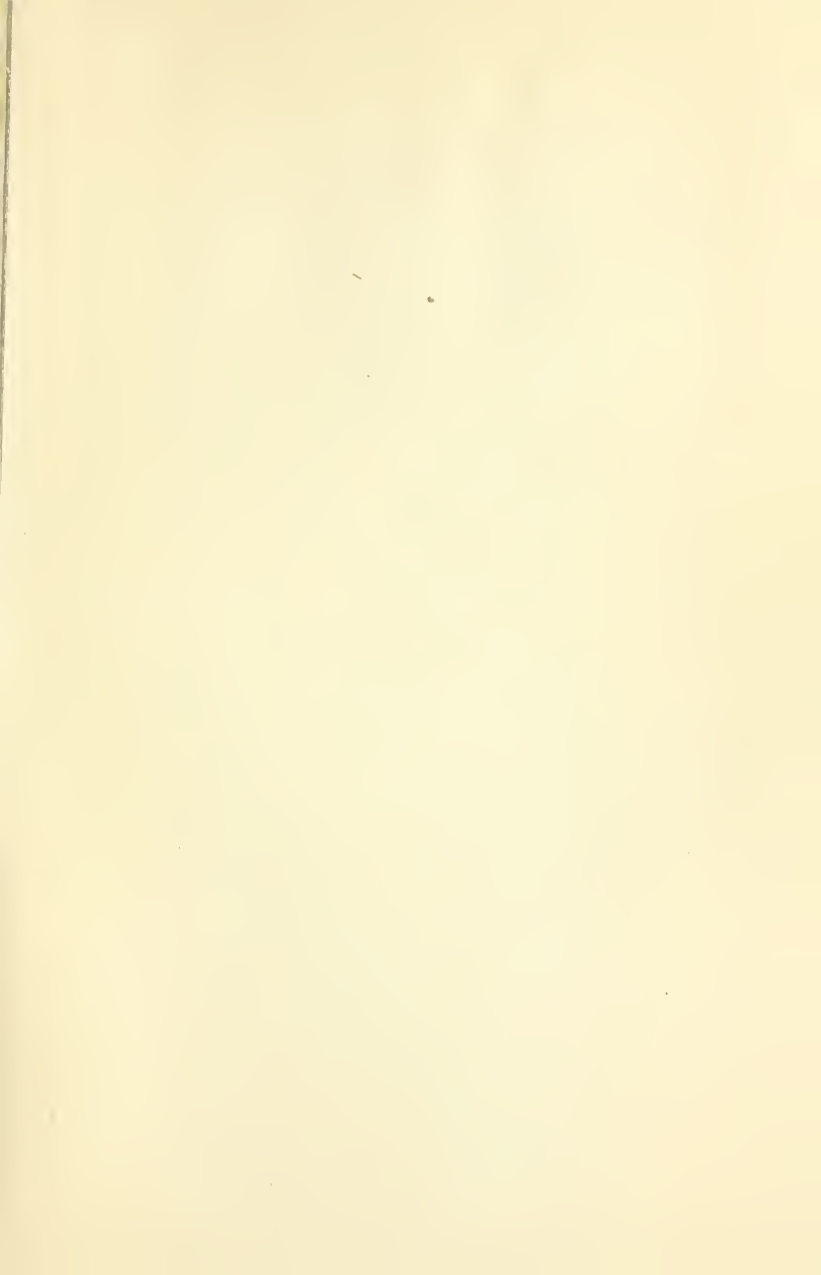
There came a woman of the place
With anguish in her breast,
Who, mourning, sought the Master's face
To heal her child possessed.
"It is not meet for dogs to come
To eat the children's bread."
"Truth, Lord ; but dogs pick up the crumbs,"
With touching zeal she said.
Still dreading, yet heeding,
She cried with accents wild,
Pleading, heart bleeding,
"O Master, save my child."

Like sunlight shining in a stream,
That glance, with love replete,
Sent through her darkened soul a gleam
As she knelt at His feet.
"Oh, woman, mighty is thy faith,"
The Saviour answered, mild ;
"E'en as thou wilt from demons' wrath,
Receive again thy child."

Returning, heart burning,
She found her daughter whole,
While praising unceasing
Thence filled the mother's soul.

To ye, who seek with earnest breath,
To place your trust above,
What sight is here of quenchless faith,
This Canaan mother's love.
Like her, when sore at heart we bleed,
Bow down before the throne ;
To Him, our promised friend in need,
Our wants make humbly known.
Requesting and resting
Upon His promised word ;
Beseeching and reaching
Until our prayers are heard.

But doubts and fears are in the way,
With worldly trials crossed,
Until the soul to these a prey
Is oft in darkness tossed ;
But 'mid the depths of polar night
Still shines with fadeless beam,
To guide our wav'ring courses right,
" The Star of Bethlehem."
Then hear now my pray'r now ;
O Christ, my heart incline
To love Thee and prove Thee,
And all for Thee resign.



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